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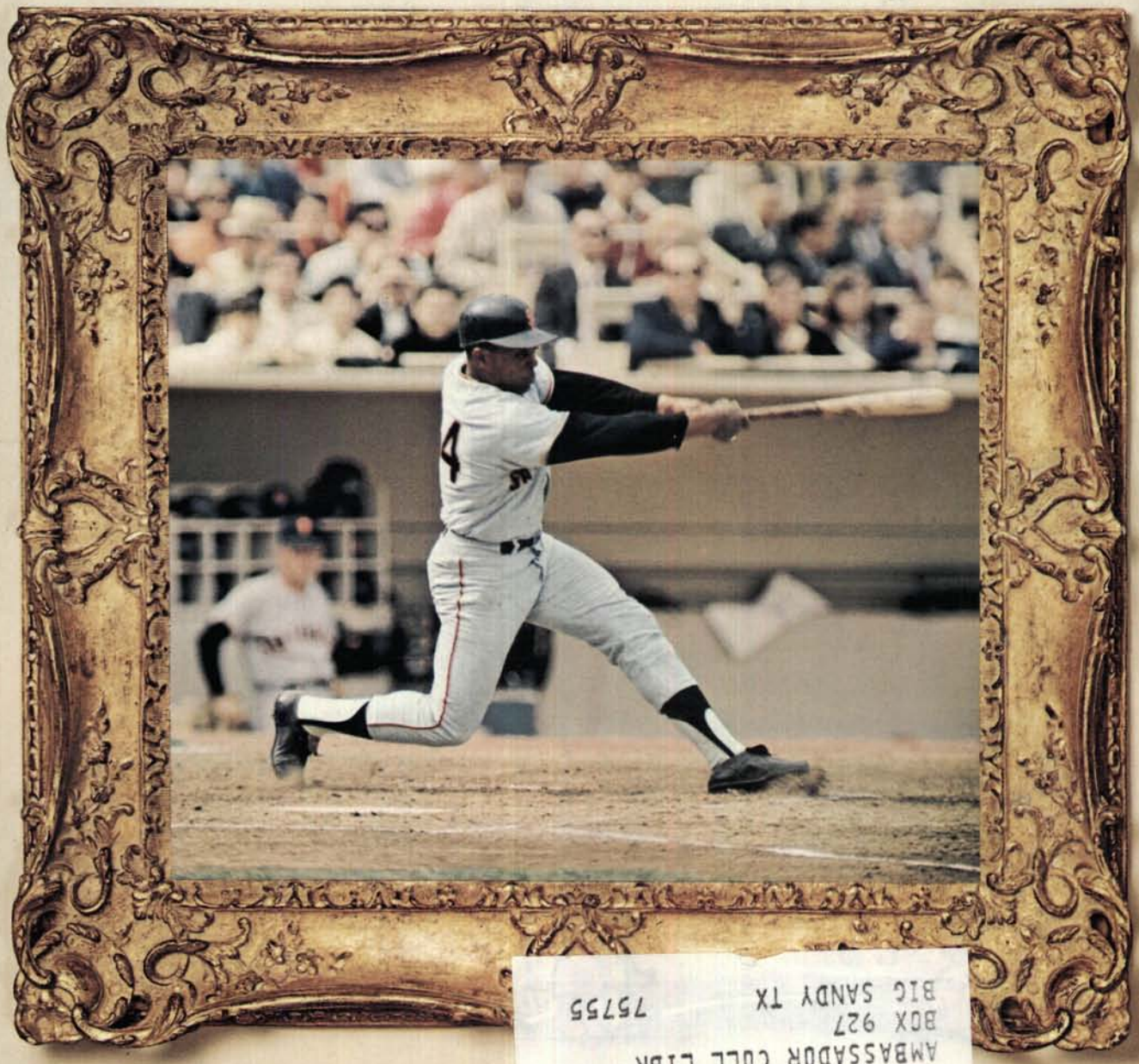
Saturday Review

MAY 8, 1971 / 50c

The Age of Willie Mays

by PETER SCHRAG



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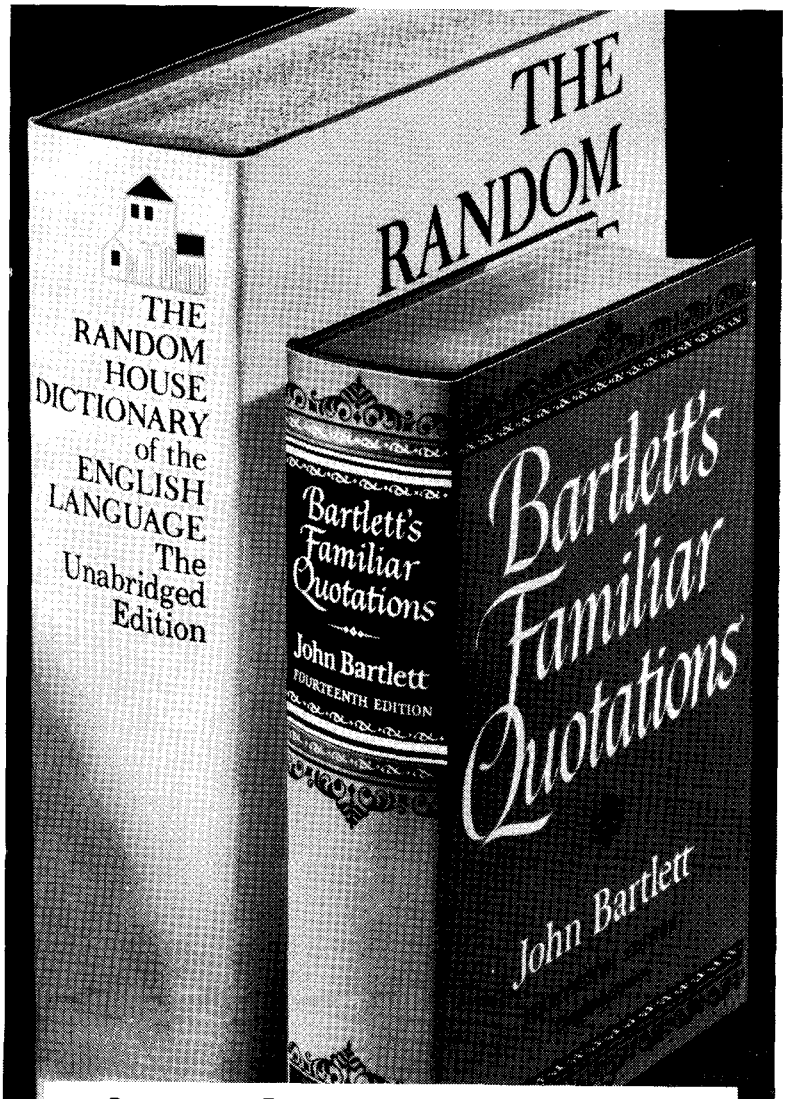

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Who said that on the CBS Radio Network?
See Page 13

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Saturday Review

Cover story, page 15

The Age of Willie Mays

by Peter Schrag

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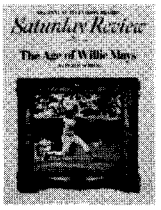

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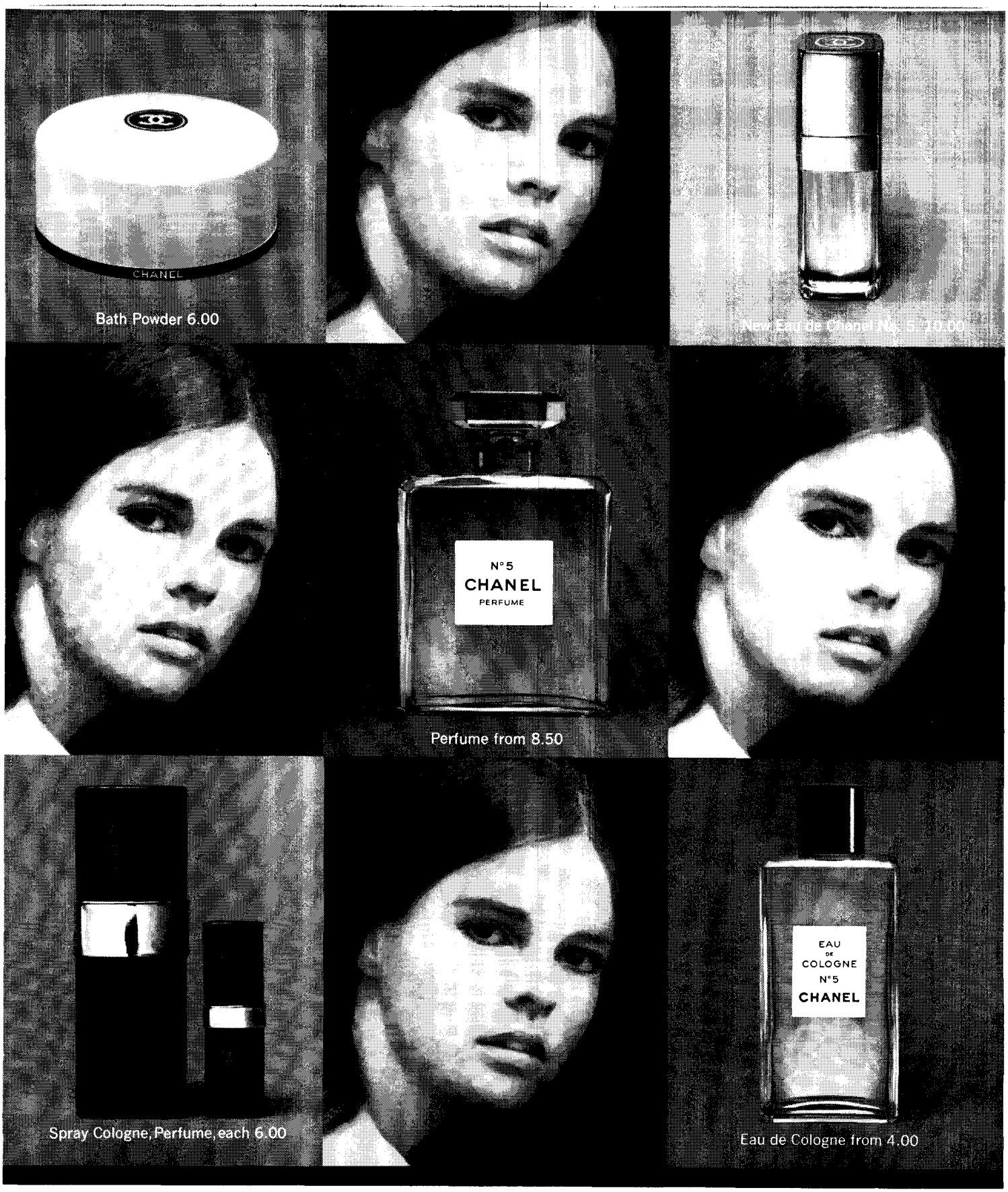

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Who said that on the CBS Radio Network?
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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Defiling the Prescription

I WISH the government would stop overprotecting us. Like this new bulletin from the Federal Food and Drug Administration, wherein it announces plans to require all prescription drugs to bear printed labels describing the efficacy of the medicine your doctor scribbled for you.

There will be five categories. And I quote: "Effective," "Probably Effective," "Possibly Effective," "Effective but with Special Limitations," or "Ineffective as a Fixed Combination."

No good. If the medicines I've been especially fond of—because they settle my stomach, or clear my vision, or stabilize my dizziness, or relieve my itch—are to be labeled possibly, or probably, or maybe with special limitations, their magic will for me, or any other Hippocratic disciple, at once disappear. And I will be left unsettled, dim-eyed, dizzy, and itching.

This isn't the first time the FDA people have done it to us. Not so long ago, they explored the briny deep and came up with the startling warning that certain sea foods are unsafe. And for several months I was deprived of my druggist's tuna on light toast.

I tried to persuade my doctor to write a prescription for a tuna fish sandwich. He was not at all sympathetic to my craving for tuna. What a struggle! You wouldn't believe the withdrawal pains. Until one day the FDA recanted. "Tuna," they announced, "is now Go. Take a chance. Live dangerously."

My faith in prescription drugs is intense. I resent the FDA's pasting a "possibly" on them, or any other sacrilegious labels. So deeply do I believe in the efficacy of these herbs and lotions that I have often carried a prescription in my pocket for several days and felt its effective healing process taking place. Almost like the laying on of hands.

One such prescription was a miracle. Got a minute? If I've told you this before, bear with me, I want to hear it again. Some years ago I developed a constant rapid heart and pulse beat, which left me unable to take a deep breath. I had been to countless doctors; they weren't turning them out fast enough for me. Then one day, I came into the office of the late Dr. Foster Kennedy, psychotherapist.

The good, kindly old doctor listened to my heart and pulse, as his feet danced a fast tango to the staccato beat he heard. He told me I wasn't breathing correctly. He said I needed breathing exercises, and he would send a man three mornings a week to do them with me.

He did. A huge, muscular Czechoslovakian gentleman, vibrating with good health. He stood before me, took a deep breath, spread his arms wide, and exhaled. He told me to do it. I did. For three weeks I did it. He said, "Good. In the winter we go skiing."

I skied over to my doctor's office. He said I looked better and should keep up the exercises. I said, "But I still get this feeling of not being able to take a full breath. If you can give me something to tide me over, I'd appreciate it." He was writing a prescription as I ticked off the symptoms. He handed it to me. I put it in my pocket and departed.

For several days I walked around feeling better. Then one day it was back again. That breathlessness. I went to my druggist, took out the prescription. But as I started to hand it to him, I glanced at it. Here is what it said:

"You have no organic abnormality of the heart. Your feeling of breathlessness is not at all dangerous. Nothing bad will happen to you." Signed, "Doctor Foster Kennedy."

"You want that prescription filled?" asked the druggist.

"Uh, no. I just want a tube of toothpaste. Make it the large size."

See? I was already beginning to feel I would last through a large-size tube of toothpaste. That prescription was not possibly, or probably. It was positively what made me well.

Positively. That's the word that will do it. Probably or possibly won't make it. Confidence in drug labels is the first priority. Medical statistics prove that 98.4 per cent of all sick people are cured when they are positive the medicine prescribed by their doctors will positively rid them of their ailments.

(Don't go hunting for the source of that statistic. I just made it up. But I'm certain it's possible.)

I am also certain that if the FDA goes on messing around with all those new labels, we will lose the faith and reverence we have in their healing powers. When that day comes, we will be forced to fall back on that almost forgotten old standby, prayer. At least until the FDA labels religion "possible," or "probable," or "effective with special limitations."

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Who said that on the CBS Radio Network?
See Page 13

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Our Personal of the Week came from Janet Batchler of Denver, who found it in the Denver *Post*:

> WILL the young lady in yellow who saw *Patton* last Thursday night and went home with my date, please return the $10 I gave Charley for dinner after the show, since you ate it. Write Box — Post. KEEP CHARLEY.

That *Patton* picture again—nothing but trouble.

Our Direction of the Week was for the birds—specifically for those bobbing ducks that dip into a glass of water. Mrs. David Armentrout of Midland, Michigan, found them:

1) Firstly, set down BIRD'S head completely into the water for get wet.
2) Balance BIRD'S by inserting the cross piece in the two slots provided in the stand. The cross piece does not be adjusted or bent.
3) Water in glass must be changed once a day with cold water, and Keep glass filled every time. Body of thei BIRD'S is a precision instrument, so please carry on carefully.
4) BIRD'S is move more smoothly put the place of warm and well-ventilation, but do not set it near signs of fire. The contents is Not-Inflamable, but if the high heat is touched, then the pressure of contents are going up, so please take care of above caution.

With some toys, we say, getting there is half the fun.

We noted that the jacket of the novel *Queenie* (Arbor House) contained literally no material about its author at all. On meeting the extraordinary Hortense Calisher, we queried her on this.

"The minute I knew there wouldn't be any," she said, "I thought 'Oh *good*. Now I won't have to go through all *that* again.' "

We told her we were sorry but for us she would have to. Miss Calisher sighed. And, in good time, we learned that Miss Calisher and her husband, novelist and teacher Curtis Harnack, were both married before, both have grown children, and both live in a beautiful, old-fashioned, thick-walled apartment, with separate typewriters. "We're very private people," Miss Calisher told us. "You can shut the door and not hear a thing. My husband is a superb typist and uses an electric. I'm a bad typist and use a manual. I'm fast—but inaccurate."

Both also teach, Mr. Harnack at Sarah Lawrence, Miss Calisher at Columbia. When not teaching, they write hard. "We get up in the morning," Miss Calisher said, "and sometimes we meet in the kitchen for coffee and sometimes we don't. We tend not to talk much until we're through the day's work. Sometimes, though, when we're just writing mornings, we have lunch together and then go to the galleries.

"When my kids were young, I could only write a page a day. *False Entry*, for example, took ten years. Lately I do better. *Queenie* took only a year. But I don't know whether it really is better this way or not. I often worry whether it's sheer garrulousness. One thing I do know. When I'm working, I don't read any other novels. I prefer not to get into anyone else's imaginative world. I'll read poetry, letters, biographies, all sorts of things. But nothing that—well—stirs me up."

Miss Calisher came to New York from Richmond, where her father was the second-oldest perfumer in America. "The peculiar thing about my family," she told us, "was that my grandfather was born in the eighteenth century."

The eighteenth? we questioned. We were certain she meant the nineteenth. "No," she said firmly, "the *eighteenth*. My mother was twenty-two years younger than my father, and he was the product of an older father and a younger mother. My grandfather was elder of a synagogue in 1832. He married my grandmother in 1854, and my father was born during the Civil War. When I was born, he was in his late fifties.

"I grew up," she continued, "in my grandmother's era and in a family that came from very opposite backgrounds. My mother was a German Jew who had come to this country as a young girl, and my father was a Southern Jew whose family had come earlier. But I also grew in an anecdotal family. My earliest memories were of family dinners. If I was allowed to sit up and was good, I would be able to hear really good conversation. Southerners, you know, love to talk people and relationships. But they also love stories and anecdotes. And they also love eccentrics."

The Bible and Thackeray influenced her most. "I'd read them—*all* of Thack-

(*Continued on page 12*)

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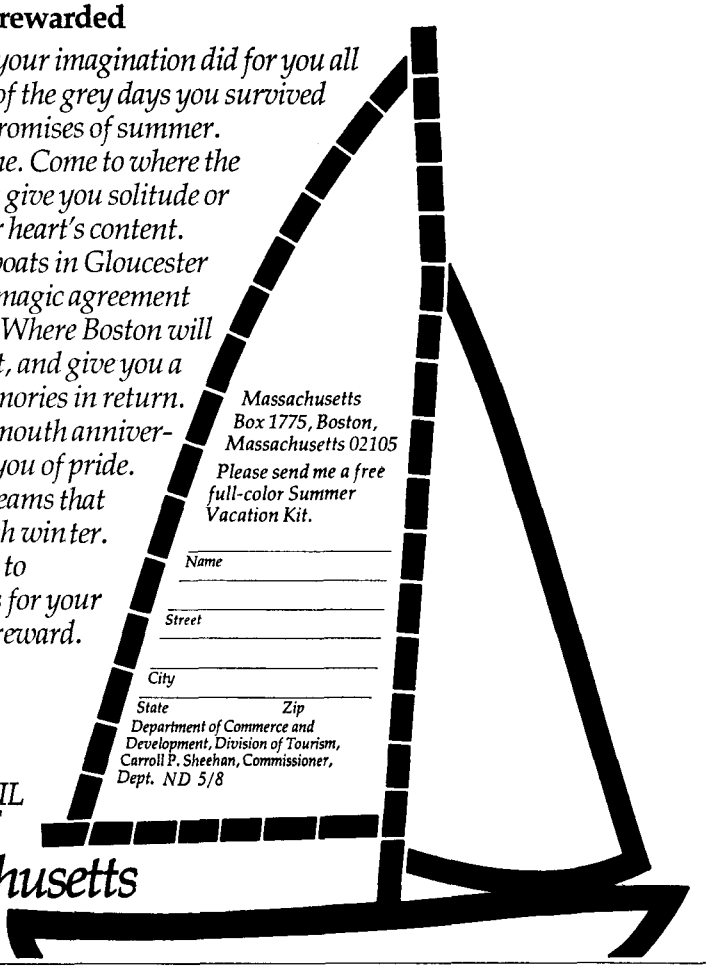

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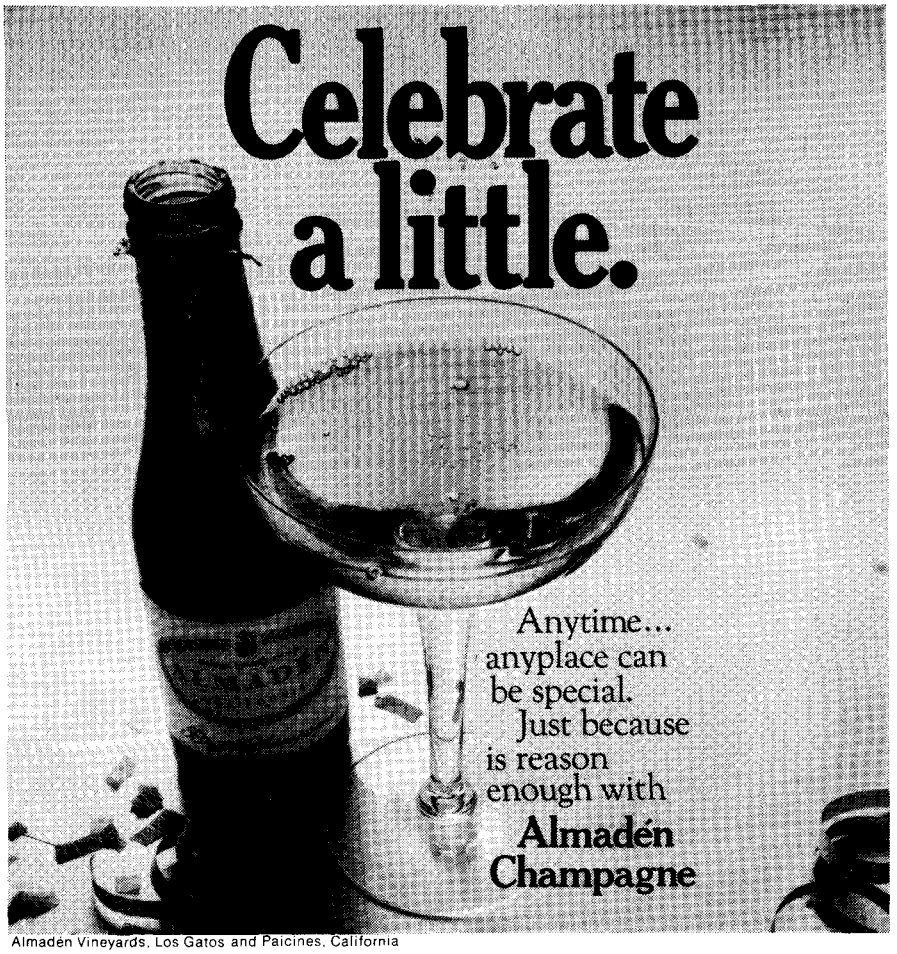

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

Trade Winds

Continued from page 6

eray," she emphasized, "by the time I was ten." She also sold the very first story she ever tried—*The Middle Drawer*. Today she tells her classes, "I can't teach you anything except my own view of literature and to be different." If a writer is interesting, she tells them, it's because of that difference. But she also tells them, "There must be a balance between how different you are and how similar you are."

Miss Calisher's own college teaching at Barnard was very different. "I got out of college," she told us, "without realizing that literature was a living, continuing thing. I had a wonderful education in dead people, but I had no idea of its going on. Now everybody teaches living writers."

Who, we asked her, would be remembered? "The same handful," she answered, "who are always remembered. Not the ones necessarily who are most famous in their lifetime. Not even the ones who are best known in the immediate future after their lifetime."

We asked her for some examples. "Well," she said, "I know one who has failed for me. It's Hemingway. On the other hand, I'm still very fond of Fitzgerald. He's able to give ideas that concreteness—to make them simple and yet visual and moving too. Another is Robert Musil. I was one of the first to teach him. He's Viennese, and a lot of people have said that his large, unfinished novel, *The Man Without Qualities*, is the one novel since Proust to be compared with Proust."

Miss Calisher sighed once more. "Personally," she said, "I still prefer Proust. But I suppose the best example of all is Melville. My husband likes to quote his obituary. It was one line. It read: 'Herman Melville, a writer, died today.' "

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1934)

PAULINE KAEL:

RAISING KANE

Mankiewicz . . . didn't do Westerns, and once, when a studio attempted to punish him . . . by assigning him to a Rin Tin Tin picture, he turned in a script that began with the craven Rin Tin Tin frightened by a mouse and reached its climax with a house on fire and the dog taking the baby *into* the flames.

From "Onward and Upward with the Arts," *The New Yorker*, Feb. 20, 1971

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THE CBS RADIO NETWORK

*P. 2, Alsop
P. 4, Evans
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Network radio audiences: RADAR, Spring 1970, adults 18+; estimates subject to qualifications which the CBS Radio Network will supply on request.

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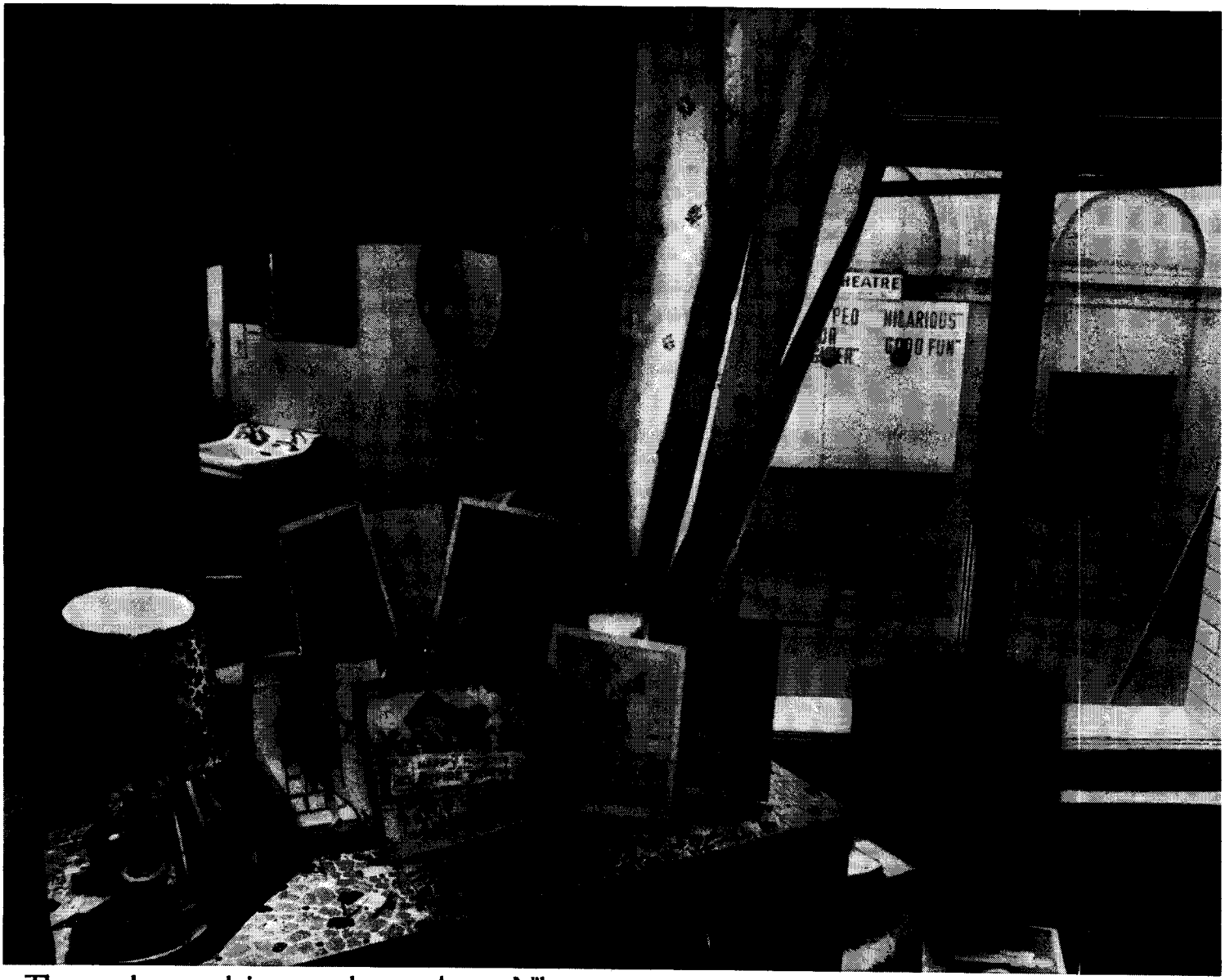
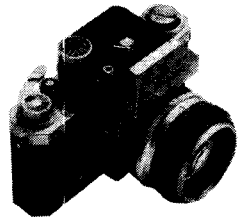
The Other Language



Those who speak it most eloquently use Nikon

Today, the photographer seldom limits himself to a disinterested record of what he sees. He goes further and leaves the mark of his personality and involvement on his pictures. What he seeks to say can be said with images rather than words. The medium is the camera, and most of those who are particularly fluent in this, the other language, use Nikon. Nikon, Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Subsid./Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Inc.



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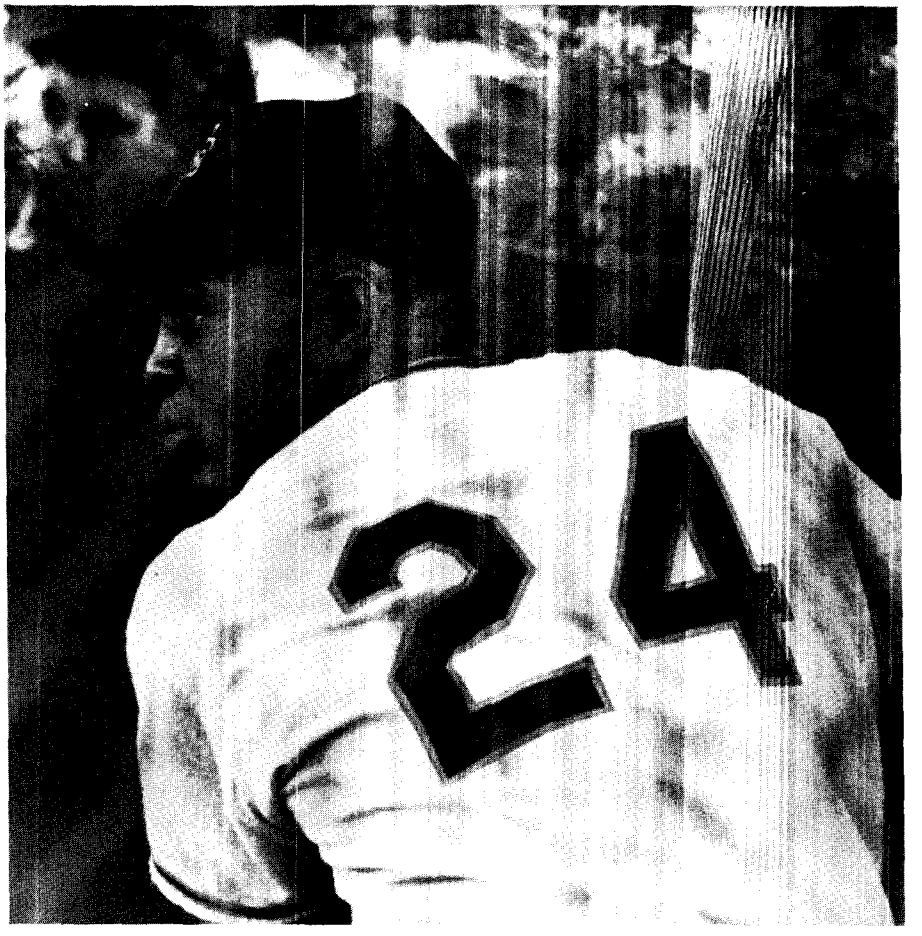
Willie turns forty this week, but he seems to defy time itself—a hero who has transcended our declining ability to believe without ambivalence.



—*Black Star*

The Age of Willie Mays

by PETER SCHRAG

Time is of the essence. The shadow moves
From the plate to the box, from the box to second base,
From second to the outfield, to the bleachers.
Time is of the essence. The crowd and players
Are the same age always, but the man in the crowd
Is older every season. Come on, play ball! *

It was always a game of myth and memory. The ritual transcended the moment of play, tested performance against immortality, and allowed otherwise ordinary men to place themselves in something larger than conventional time. Each spring brought its own renewal and each summer its moments of truth. The word came from Vero Beach and St. Pete and Scottsdale, where the big leaguers trained before the season: new faces and new ballyhoo, and new predictions of who would be greater (someday) than Mantle, who could throw like Koufax, and who could run like Cobb. But there was more; there was the man in the crowd, his memories, his moments, his brush with greatness, and, above all, his return, year after year, to the places where the idols of the past, the anticipated glory of the future, and the remembrance of youth came together against the clipped green grass of the field in the afternoon sun, against the crowd, and against a ritual that, despite its historical brevity, seemed as old as time.

Those of us who came to know baseball when there was little television and no big-time professional football or basketball talked its language, heard its lore, and were taken with its special sense before we had ever played an organized game or pondered its beautiful mystery. There were giants on the field, men of legend whose voices we had never heard, whose faces we knew only from newspaper photographs or from the murky images on our bubblegum cards, and whose records—batting average, home runs, runs batted in—suggested meaning beyond anything we understood. "Facts" supported myth, and myth magnified the facts on which it was supposed to be based.

It was always a game of argument. The action on the field was never sufficient to fill the time, and it therefore required of its spectators something more than catcalls and cheers. After every play we confronted not only the opportunity but the necessity for discussion, analysis, and comparison, and it was in those long moments of inaction—when the teams changed sides, when the relief pitchers ambled in from the bullpen (in the days before they rode on golf carts), in the winter hiatus, in the stretches when nothing might ever happen again—that we, the fans, chose our idols and elected our heroes.

Time is of the essence. The crowd and players are the same age always, but the man in the crowd is older every season. Perhaps it will always be that way; perhaps the ritual will survive conditions that have destroyed other American perennials, and will live a charmed life into eternity. And yet something has changed: The crowd, too, is getting older; it is losing its small-town innocence and its capacity to believe without ambivalence, and the half-life of demigods becomes

*From Rolfe Humphries's "Polo Grounds" in *The Collected Poems of Rolfe Humphries*, ©1965 by Indiana University Press.

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shorter with each passing year. We make and discard them according to the requirements of the television schedule; we demand action—violent action—to fill the anxious moments, and we seem no longer capable of creating idols in our idleness.

There is nothing new in the argument that something is destroying baseball—avaricious major league club owners buying and selling franchises, moving teams, abandoning old fans, and wooing new ones with cast-off bush league players who should be selling sporting goods or life insurance; mounting expenses; the competition of other activities; and the influence of television itself. But these things—though they are, for some of us, matters of concern—are hardly as significant as the fate of the hero himself. Each generation likes to say that there will never be another Ruth, another DiMaggio, another Ted Williams, congratulating itself (as mythology must have it) that it lived in the last great age of heroism and achievement. Ask any big league manager and he will remind you that the eclipse of one generation of stars always heralds the rise of another. It is only the man in the crowd who is older every season. The players are more skilled—are larger, faster, stronger—than any in history.

And yet this time they are wrong. We will have great players, but we have left the age of the mythic hero. The immortals were forged in innocence, products of the belief that this was one nation with a single set of values, that any boy might succeed, of the ability to say "Wow" without embarrassment, and of the nearly magical capacity of big league baseball to preserve its small-town qualities within the secure confines of big-city stadiums. Once we walked through the turnstiles, we all became boys again, breathed a little easier, and enjoyed the protection of the ritual, the memories, the immersion in another dimension of time.

For many of us who came to our baseball in those more innocent days, only one great man is left, and his name is Willie Mays. This week—on May 6—he became forty years old, and he should, therefore, be well past his prime, an aging star dogged by fragile legs, trick knees, fatigue, and the other assorted aches and pains that the flesh of annuating athletes is supposed to suffer. But Mays moves with the grace of memory, defying time, defying the inexorable erosion of fantasies, defying age itself. He remains unequivocally our man. To see him now is like watching the instant replay of a generation, the crowds of twenty years, the old ball parks with their erratic dimensions and their even more erratic fans, Hilda Chester and the Dodger Symphony at Ebbets Field, the short right field foul line in the Polo Grounds, where Mel Ott, among others, once hit his "Chinese" home runs. And, of course, there is the image of Mays himself: the unbelievable catches, the 3,000 base hits, the 630-odd home runs (second only to Babe Ruth's lifetime total), the elegance that, when we first saw it in 1951, could hardly be comprehended. Mays always moved differently from other players, started instinctively toward the place where the ball was hit—moving from his center field position almost, it seemed, before the batter swung—and he caught fly balls against his belt with the palm of his glove turned up, playing with a casual defiance of error, a disdain for security, and with an emphasis on style that repudiated mere professional competence.

When Mays came to the Giants in 1951, Jackie Robinson, who broke the color line in major league baseball, already had been with the Dodgers for four years; in the meantime, moreover, a handful of other Negro players had been signed, and they were being cautiously accepted by the fans and players. But Mays brought with him something that I imagine the game rarely enjoyed before, and that can only be described as aristocratic class. Despite his notorious disregard for the official causes of civil rights (for which he was later attacked by Robinson himself), Mays was not merely a ballplayer who happened to be Negro; he was a black athlete. He ran black, swung black, and caught black. He did not play the man's game but his own, and his every move disparaged the tight-assed honkies who did things by the book. William Goldman, in a book about the theater, recalled what Mays had done for him: "It was about time he arrived on my horizon, because during all those years of being bored by baseball, of sitting on bleacher seats for pitchers' battles, or dying from the heat while the manager brought in some slow reliever, I'd been waiting for Willie. He was what it was all about." There are countless thousands of us who felt the same way. Mention Mays now and you find more people who claim to have seen his first game with the Giants than could ever have squeezed into the Polo Grounds that day; more who remember his impossible catch of Vic Wertz's 440-foot drive in the 1954 World Series than ever attended a Series game. Of such stuff are legends made.

This spring, for the first time, I made the pilgrimage, a forty-year-old man pursuing another forty-year-old who was the idol of the boy. Instant replay—what every kid used to dream about, and what many still do—sitting in the Arizona sun, or leaning against the batting cage to feel the intensity of the pitch and the opposing concentration of the hitter, or, again, standing in the locker room to watch the man who preserves the fantasy. Spring training. The symbols of time come together, old players and young, Hall of Famers and rookies, welding a continuity that goes back beyond remembrance: Carl Hubbell, Hall of Fame pitcher who won 253 games between 1928 and 1943, the man who struck out Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons, and Cronin—one after another—in the 1934 All-Star game (now director of the Giants' farm system) sitting by the dugout; Wes Westrum, who managed the Mets in leaner days, hitting ground balls to the infield; Larry Jansen, who helped pitch the Giants into the World Series in 1951, watching the young pitchers warming up—kids just up from Fresno and Amarillo and St. Cloud.

Around the field the sports writers are trying to grab a few crumbs for tomorrow's paper, looking for another rookie of promise, escalating every solid drive into a slugger's future, and in the bleachers people with memories longer than mine are discussing games played twenty years before I was born. Juan Marichal, another player of supreme elegance, is pitching batting practice. (High kick, the left foot higher than the head, the ball coming from some deep recess of motion, the glove brushing the knee as the ball is thrown, and turning an ordinary man of six feet into a fantastic engine of power.) Mays, his right foot dug in at the rear of the batter's box, hits a couple to the fence in left center, then takes a pitch low and away.

"I can't hit that," he says to Marichal. "Can't hit that no way."

Marichal pitches another, again low and a little outside, and Mays smokes it on a line over the head of the shortstop.

"That was the same pitch," Marichal says. "The same pitch."

"I had to hit it," Mays answers, his

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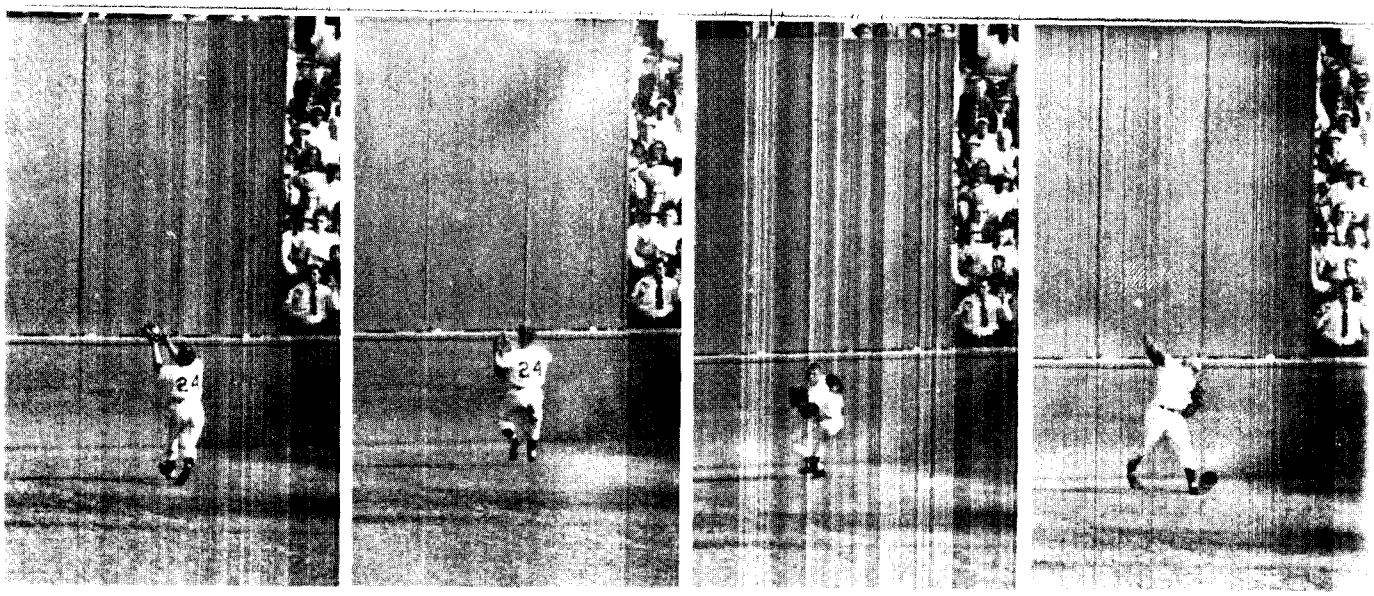

—*Wide World*

Mays in the 1954 World Series making what many regarded as an impossible catch of a drive by Vic Wertz of Cleveland.

voice rising and, at the same time, a little resigned. Logic loses to performance, and Charlie Fox, the Giants' manager, turns from his position behind the batting cage with an expression of futile amazement: What can you say when you are supervising a genius?

Mays still plays the same game. After the first two weeks of the 1971 season, he led the league in runs batted in and was among the leaders in batting average and home runs. Twenty years and three thousand games later the style hasn't changed. He will run a little less this year, steal fewer bases, skip—with Charlie Fox's blessings—the fatiguing Tuesday and Friday night games at Candlestick Park, the Giants' home field in San Francisco, but the moves are all the same, and the virtuosity is unblemished. He protects himself in a dozen different ways: He does not drink or smoke; throws underhand whenever possible to protect the arm and shoulder; takes his meals in his room when the team is on the road; walks onto the Arizona practice field wearing a warmup jacket so the autograph hunters, failing to recognize his face, won't swarm to his number; melts away from practice before the other players and slips into his pink Imperial, license number SAY HEY, to drive to lunch and then to a round of golf. "He never stands when he can sit," says Fox, "and he never sits when he can lie down."

In the locker room he is a person—or, better, a kid, shifting moods from highpitched exuberance to petulance—and in the stadium he is a demigod, but between them he becomes an apparition that materializes and evaporates according to its own impulse. Perhaps, you say, he is hurting, suffering the anguish of exploitation, of too many games, too many pitchmen, too many sellers of clothes, bats, gloves, buttons, pictures, and causes, too many journalists asking questions—how much did he sign for? how much does he want?—too much pressure, but he has no intention of thinking about himself as a man of complexity or as the aging star (like Mantle) whose every painful move becomes a heroic act. His public role is to remain a player only—a man who plays—because he seems incapable of any other part.

And yet it is hard for anyone to tell how much is man, how much boy, and how much the distillation of idolatry. We are sitting in the team dining room at the Francisco Grande, an Arizona hotel owned by the Giants: Mays, wearing asparagus-green trousers, a green turtle-neck shirt, and a green cardigan sweater; Sy Berger of New York, the king of the bubble-gum cards—which, he explains, are bigger than ever with the kids—and the boy from New York. Somewhere else another presence of Mays is negotiating a new contract with the Giants—he has asked for $75,000 a year for ten years, but the reporters, after the contract is signed, guess $165,000 a year for two years—and he is clearly concerned about something that other people would call the future. But here at lunch Mays talks only about playing ball—"I'm not thinking about five years from now"—and complaining about the old photographs that Berger uses on his bubble-gum cards. Berger answers that Mays looks the same as ever, and Mays screws up his face and says sheeit . . . . Somehow, I tell myself, he seems to make it possible to contemplate the old days without confronting the matter of age itself, but I am not really sure. Which one of us is the kid, and which one the man of maturity? (A good businessman, say the flacks around the field—investments, endorsements, he's got a bundle—but the speculation in the swamp between myth and reality is so rank that anything goes.) I do not know, therefore, just how the fantasies lodge between us, but I do sense some regret (mine, perhaps; yet possibly his) about the past.

Before the Giants moved from New York to San Francisco, Mays spent part of his free time playing stickball with the kids in Harlem, going from the Polo Grounds to the streets not as an act of charity but as an activity of natural joy. (Although he was good there, too, he was not the best; but that may indeed have been an act of charity.) He does not do such things anymore—they don't play stickball in California, he said—nor has he ever become the idol in San Francisco that he had been in New York. They have a show-me attitude out there, one of the sports writers explained, very sophisticated compared to the hayseeds in New York, and that, too, seems a pity. How can one tell them—for the sake of everything, for Mays, for the game, for the nation—that the height of baseball sophistication is exuberance and the instinct to understand the subtle line between the ingenuous and the hyperbolic, and between the serious and the comic?

You leave your reservations and ambivalence at the gate. This is a conservative game that sometimes oozes with unbounded chauvinism—about the country, the flag, and itself—and that cannot tolerate even the most minimal expressions of dissent. There are players—Joe Pepitone of the Cubs, for example—who wear their hair long, and others who have associated themselves with the peace movement, or who read Dostoevsky, but most clubs and players regard every manifesta-

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Saturday Review

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Decline and Fall of Congressman Day

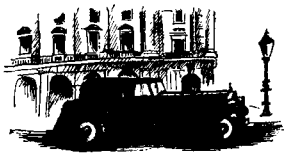
In *SR*'s first April issue, a communication from one K. Jason Sitewell appeared on our letters page. The letter called on the editors and readers to oppose H.R. 6142, a bill introduced by Representative A. F. Day and co-sponsored by forty three Congressmen. The stated purpose of the bill was to restrict the size of private parks as well as to democratize public parks that were sparsely used. Mr. Sitewell asserted he was in a position to say positively that the actual purpose of the bill was to abolish golf. He had known Congressman Day since early childhood and could bear witness to his persistent and "psychotic" hostility to the game. This aversion, Sitewell said, was perhaps understandable in view of the Day family's tragic history in the sport. Day's grandfather had perished in a sand trap, the victim of massive exasperation. Less than a decade later, Day's father expired soon after hitting nineteen balls into a pond in front of a three-par green.

Sitewell detailed yet other unspeakable horrors and abominations associated with the sport that had caused young A. F. Day to grow up with a fierce and fixed purpose. He was determined to destroy the so-called sport that had brought untold suffering to his mother and sisters and that had produced, across the nation, hundreds of thousands of coronaries, ulcers, broken homes, lost jobs, etc., etc.

Sitewell's letter was, of course, a spoof, full of absurd concoctions and broad hints, the broadest of which was the connection between the Congressman's name and the one day of the year when spoofing and nonsense have glorious sanction.

What happened? Enough to warrant a serious major sociological study. We have learned of emergency meetings called by boards of governors of golf clubs for the purpose of taking vigorous and far-reaching action to defeat Day's bill. At least a dozen Congressmen or their assistants telephoned to say that opposition to H. R. 6142 had turned up high on the daily tally list of what constituents were protesting. The nation's leading weekly golf magazine reprinted Sitewell's letter on its editorial page under the title "A Frightening Bill" and called on its readers to defend the sport against this sudden and malicious legislative assault. The wife of a federal judge in Illinois telephoned *SR* to ask for reprints to send to her husband and his cronies, who had gone off on their annual golf holiday, leaving their wives at home.

So it went, incident piled on incident, until *The Wall Street Journal* ran a delightful front-page story revealing the spoof. Among the disclosures was the fact that H. R. 6142 is actually a bill to limit the liability of national banks for certain taxes.



As usually happens in a hoax, there are interesting implications and even things of value to be learned. First of all, it became apparent soon after Sitewell's letter appeared that non-golfers were far quicker than golfers to recognize the letter as an open-faced satire connected to April 1st. Is it possible that the absurdities immediately perceived as such by non-golfers were regarded by golfers as reminders of poignant reality? Is there a golfer who, upon hitting into a sand trap, does not fear deep in his subconscious that he may never get out? Is there a golfer who does not suffer more anguish over hitting expensive new balls into ponds than he does over reverses in his business or profession? Can any canard or calamity be concocted about the sport that does not have a parallel in the golfer's own experience? We ask these questions not only from the editorialist's chair but from the confession box as an addict who is himself mercilessly hounded by double-bogeys.

It is also significant perhaps that in none of the clamorous protest against H. R. 6142 were any questions raised about the devastating "facts" assembled by Congressman Day in support of his bill. No attempt was made by those who protested the bill to refute the long laundry list of dreadful consequences Day attributed to golf. It is of course not true that the game, in an average year, produces 75,000 coronary occlusions, or 83,000 cases of hypertension and ulcers, or 9,300 golf-cart fatalities—nor that golf courses occupy twice as much land as all the natural parks put together, nor that playing golf has caused 60,000 broken homes (although one wonders whether this latter figure may not have some validity). None of these statistics were challenged in the valiant defense of the sport. Are we to believe that, even if these horrible facts were true, this would make no difference to golfers? Or is this an example perhaps of a larger truth: that many people who are directly affected by an issue are less concerned with facts than effects? Students of private and public psychology—or, for that matter, students of sociology and public opinion—might find the entire story of the Sitewell-Day affair replete with rewarding and significant material.

Finally, who is K. Jason Sitewell and why did *SR* publish his letter? The editor admits to being Sitewell, who has appeared under that name in these pages before—generally about the same time of year. The reason for the letter is that it is part of *SR*'s editorial philosophy to place the highest value on laughter. This is a serious magazine and it deals with serious is-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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Letters to the Editor

Recognizing the Dispossessed

As Special Assistant to the Secretary of State for Refugee and Migration Affairs, I wish to commend Hallowell Bowser for his thoughful editorial "The Dispossessed" [*SR*, Apr. 10] and for placing the immense problems of refugees in today's world before *SR*'s readership. The activities of the many private voluntary agencies to assist refugees the world over and their support by concerned Americans are indeed essential to the amelioration of the conditions of these unfortunate individuals. By increasing the American public's awareness of this important subject, *SR* is making a significant contribution to these dispossessed.

FRANK L. KELLOGG,
Department of State,
Washington, D.C.

I HAVE read the recent editorial by Hallowell Bowser, and I would like to express my thanks and congratulations to *SR* for having this in its pages as a means of awakening the awareness of concerned citizens on the continuing plight of refugees the world over and our duty to see that they are helped.

I consider this a public service and commend *SR* for taking note of it, and for mentioning the U.S. Committee for Refugees, which is trying desperately to help as many refugees as possible with their limited resources.

SPYROS P. SKOURAS,
New York, N.Y.

RE: Hallowell Bowser's recent editorial. I am probably the even thousandth person to write *SR* this, but Ellsworth Bunker is not a "former U.S. Ambassador" to Vietnam. As of three days ago, the last time I had any direct information on the matter, not only was Ambassador Bunker still active in Saigon but no rumors were current to indicate that he might not be there indefinitely.

RUTH J. SMOCK,
Silver Spring, Md.

Praise All Around

CONGRATULATIONS to John McCook Roots on his interview with David Ben-Gurion, " 'Peace Is More Important than Real Estate' " [*SR*, Apr. 3]. Ben-Gurion's praise of Nasser applies equally to himself. He has gone from believing the Arabs can be made to sue for peace via military defeat to a realization that peace must come through negotiation. I was heartened to see this.

JON HARTSHORNE,
Cambridge, Mass.

Factual Feedback

I WISH to make a correction in Barnard Law Collier's article "Brain Power: The Case for Bio-Feedback Training" [*SR*, Apr. 10]. Dr. Theodore Weiss, and not I, collaborated with Dr. Bernard Engel in the study of operant conditioning of heart rate in patients with premature ventricular contractions. Presently, I am working with Dr. Engel investigating training of patients with other cardiac arrhythmias.

EUGENE R. BLEECKER, M.D.,
Clinical Associate,
Laboratory of Behavioral Sciences,
Baltimore, Md.

THE INVESTIGATIONS cited by Barnard Law Collier offer hope in the treatment of various psychosomatic and other conditions. For the record, however, you might be interested to know that, contrary to rumor, Harry Houdini never swallowed and regurgitated "a key that would unlock him from some otherwise unopenable box." The authority for this information is my friend Joseph Dunninger, the last of the great-name magicians and a world-wide recognized genius in telepathy. Dunninger was Bessie and Harry Houdini's closest friend, and the one who invented many of Houdini's illusions and then, later, inherited the magical apparatus, library, and memorabilia, much of which is now on exhibit at the Houdini Magical Hall of Fame, Niagara Falls, Canada.

BERTHOLD ERIC SCHWARZ, M.D.,
Montclair, N.J.

BARNARD LAW COLLIER'S recent article indicates an immensely interesting field of research. However, my hope as to its therapeutic value differs radically from his. He writes that after basic bio-feedback training, we may be able "to motivate our viscera and their functions at will throughout life" and hence to better our states of health. The catch here is in the phrase "at will." For instance, if the heart is beating too fast, there is much reason to believe that it is responding to what is ultimately a psychodynamic demand—a demand that will-power can only turn aside into new and possibly even less healthy channels.

If, however, bio-feedback research will lead to an understanding and development of non-deliberate (non-willful) control over the viscera, the therapeutical value can be immeasurable. For example, the control of the rate of heartbeat not by willful manipulation of the mind but by such means as characterological change.

ROBERT DOLLING WELLS,
Mercer Island, Wash.

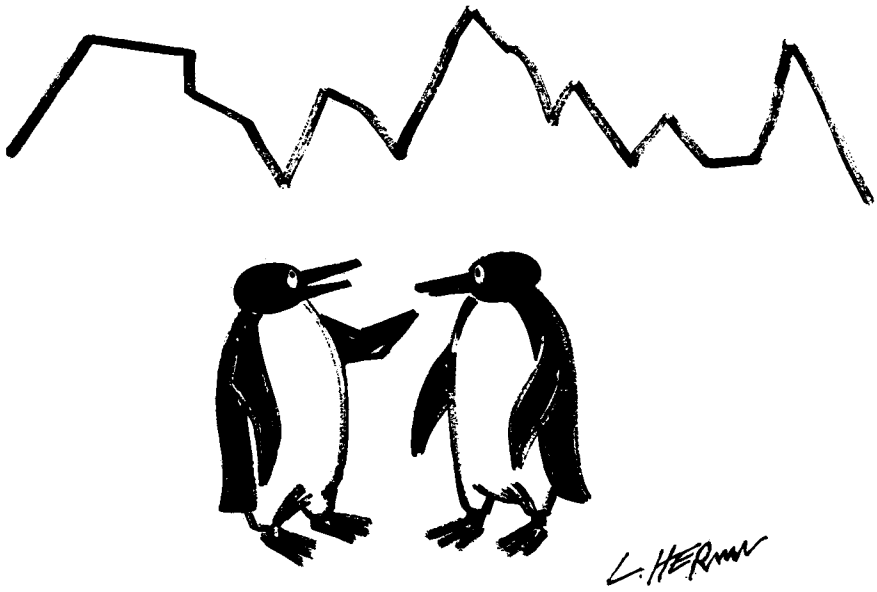
America First

AS A native-born Philadelphian, I was pleased with David Butwin's interesting article about my city, "The Champ's Town" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Apr. 3]. However, I do have a question: Was not Prince Albert's 1851 Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations, held in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, London, really the first world's fair rather than the 1876 Centennial held in Philadelphia? The Prince's idea was to unite all peoples through progress, both industrial and intellectual. The London *Times* described the exhibition's opening as "the first morning since the creation of the world that all peoples have assembled from all parts of the world and done a common act."

My source is David Thompson's *England in the Nineteenth Century—(1815-1914)*.

MRS. PATRICIA S. MAIERLE,
Pullman, Wash.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Philadelphians proudly claim the 1876 Centennial as the first world's fair, perhaps neglecting in their zealousness to add "the first held in the Americas."*



"Soon the mating season will arrive and the tranquillity will be shattered by the territorial squabblings of camera crews from Jacques Cousteau, Walt Disney, and 'Animal Kingdom'!"

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

High, Low the Comedy: A Last Winter's Tale

Ice from the leaking hill glints on the terrace below.
My sunflower seed speckles the crusty snow.
High-perched on the white-topped wall, cardinal aflame,
Like one of Braddock's redcoats, easy game,
Come-kill-me target for all his absurd disguise,
Sun-fielder's sooty smudge around defensive eyes.
Vulnerable is cautious; timid, severe;
He orders mate to alight, prove the coast clear.
Hungry he watches, first pecks no lurking peril reveal.
Down he flutters, drives her off, approaches his meal.
Behind frozen azalea cat crouches, twitches,
Pupil and teacher of a hundred witches,
Here's insolence and ancient arrogance, he's sleek
With confidence, fierce whiskers boasting from each cheek.
Low-bellied he tenses muscles, springs in beauty hateful.
Balefire he fears not, knows not ice to footing fateful.
Cardinal flies away, saved by skidding cat-fall.
I shudder, as watching Lucifer do a pratfall.

—Ogden Nash.

2 Chronicles 37

And it came to pass that a great King arose in Germany, a Hitler, and he did war upon the other Kings. And he said: "Lo, I will rid this land of the Jews." And in all, six million Jews were slain, and their household goods taken. For the Lord was busy elsewhere; but He repented of His anger, and sent an angel, Haganah, that some should escape to the land of Palestine.

And there they did purchase certain desert places from the inhabitants thereof, which by labor they made into orange groves and vineyards, and also a city; and did cause the desert to blossom like the rose.

And it came to pass that Hitler, the great King, did war upon the Kings of France, of Great Britain, of America, of Russia, and of all the Kings of the Earth save only Rome and Nippon. And the Lord smote him with madness, and he was defeated and his kingdom overthrown and the land made waste. Then the Israelites rejoiced, and praised the Lord with dancing and music.

And unto Israel was granted by the Kings of the Earth a parcel of land the width of an hour's journey by muleback, and the length of ten hours. And this was in the reign of Ben-Gurion.

And the Chaldeans were filled with envy, and they armed themselves and approached Israel, and with them also the Syrians and the Lebanese and the Iraqi and the Ammonites and the Moabites; and they fought in the passes of Jordan, and were defeated, for the Lord had armed the children of Israel.

And lo! there arose in Egypt a Pharaoh Nasser that was of the family of Nasserbanipal. And Nasser said: "I will drive these Israelites into the sea." For which he forbade the ships of Israel from entering into the port of Eilat, which was by the Red Sea; and with him were the Kings of Jordan and Iraq, Syria, Lebanon, Ammon, and Moab.

But the spirit of the Lord entered into Moshe Dayan, and into Alon, and into the captains of the thousands, and they smote Egypt, and also Jordan, and Egyptian chariots perished in the sands of the desert. Then Israel rejoiced and praised the Lord.

Now there was at this time in France a giant King, and these things were not pleasing in his eyes. For he wished his influence to be as great in Egypt as his shadow, which, because of his height, was of prodigious size. Therefore he said unto Israel: "I will not trade with you." And of the fifty million drachmas that Israel had already paid to him for weapons of war, he kept fifty million but would deliver nothing. Then the Israelites turned to a distant land, and did purchase chariots from America, to repair their losses. But there was much indecision and confusion, some saying yea, and others nay.

And it came to pass that the King of Israel grew old, and was cast aside, and there was a Queen over Israel. And in the reign of Queen Golda Meir, the King of Russia, that was Kosygin, did send many machines of war to Egypt, in order to acquire merit among the Egyptians. For Egypt was rich in all things.

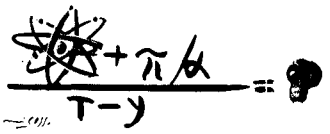
And Queen Golda Meir did take notice of these things, and did draw them to the attention of the Americans. But the King of America did not wish to oppose the King of Russia, and so he said: "Let us sit down and reason together. And we will put away armaments, and we will live peacefully together, and all the world will be at peace." And the King of Russia agreed to this.

But at the same time, the King of Russia did secretly fortify the frontiers of Egypt with many new weapons and chariots. And the Egyptians rejoiced. And Golda Meir made outcry against this, but King Nixon was not aware.

And in the Senate of America there were many who did not know what to do, and others who knew not what to say. And all was confusion.

Then the Lord said to the Prophet Nathan: "Arise, thou lazy clod, and speak of these matters in the market place, that the people of Israel may not be overthrown by falsehood and trickery." And Nathan arose and did cry out, but none would listen.

For in America at that time, no man was safe; neighbor did war against neighbor, and others did accuse those



who would protect them. And there was great fear. And Nathan cried aloud and said: "Lo, the end is nigh."

For the Lord is weary of these shenanigans. And what is written shall surely come to pass: that the last battle shall take place on the Plain of Armageddon, in the Valley of Jezreel, and from thence the Four Horsemen shall set forth, carrying with them famine and pestilence to the four quarters of the Earth. Fire shall devour the cities, and the child shall rise up against his parent, and be put down.

And in the cities all was smoke and fire, as Nathan had predicted. And the black did war against the white, and the brown against the black. And the white did war against both the black and the brown, and the yellow did war against all. And the child rose against his parents, saying: "Lo, the Lord hath deserted you." For which the child was put down.

And the King of Russia and the King of America did sit and reason together. But the King of Russia did not speak the truth; and the advisers of the King of America were unable to see clearly, for their vision was clouded due to the atmosphere. Therefore, they could not tell the King of America what to say to the King of Russia.

Therefore, he did not say anything at all.

—Robert Nathan.

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Egalitarian Snobs

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

BIRDS OF AMERICA

by Mary McCarthy

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 352 pp., $6.95

When *The Group* appeared in 1963, it seemed just barely possible that Mary McCarthy had in fact written the major novel everybody knew she would one day write. First of all, the book was physically large, and this had its portent in a culture that has always equated literary significance with poundage. Second, it represented a radical departure from the kind of novels Miss McCarthy had previously done—those stiff, claustrophobic little studies of the intellectual life that were so crammed with cerebration and bitchiness and finally so empty, but which had won her a reputation for brilliance as unassailable as it was inexplicable.

The Group differed from these earlier novels not only in possessing far greater bulk but in developing a theme of potentially major dimension within a form that had come over the years to be certified as the official one in American fiction for the expression of a major theme. In leaving behind the comedy of intellectual manners, Miss McCarthy had ventured for the first time into a field one might suppose she would have thought vulgar, the field of the big panoramic social novel in which, as Dos Passos and John O'Hara had already shown, the spirit of an entire epoch might, with sufficient talent and luck, be characterized through the lives of people who could be seen as its representative types. In *The Group* Miss McCarthy had chosen for her subject the post-collegiate lives of eight upper-middle-class girls just graduated from Vassar and observed at close range against the Depression background of the Thirties. Over a brief period of years these young women pass through all the locks of pathos, illusion, ecstasy, frustration, and betrayal. They are initiated in the vestal ceremonies of innocence; they variously experience defloration, marriage, motherhood, mistresshood, sexual exploitation and deviation, neurosis, breakdown, and suicide—all the thrills and catastrophes of sentimental fiction and soap opera.

Yet surely here, if one could recognize it, was also the stuff of major fiction, sufficient material for an anatomy of a whole social class, an epic statement about the perils of privilege and the psychology of personal and national bankruptcy; or, considering Miss McCarthy's interests, a tragedy built on the plight of women in American society and the collapse of the dream of romantic love—perhaps, indeed, a feminist *USA* or even an *Anna Karenina* of the modern age. Out of the high swell of such potent thematic vibrations, how could a great novel conceivably fail to be produced?

But somehow it was not. All these possibilities were implicit in the material of *The Group*, yet *The Group* was not a great novel. It was not even a major novel. On careful reading it came, in fact, to seem curiously limited, as imaginatively constipated as any of the earlier fiction, as dead at the center, as pretentious and self-indulgent about the stylish surfaces of behavior, as pinched, arid, and cold in its responsiveness to the realities

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, In Search of Heresy, In the Country of the Young,* and other works. His new collection of essays, *The Devil in the Fire,* will be published this autumn.

SR: BOOKS

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of emotion and human relationship. The problem was, like most literary problems, a failure both of feeling and nerve, but, oddly enough for a writer of Miss McCarthy's intellectual distinction, it was coupled here with an even more drastic failure of sensibility.

For what was finally troublesome about *The Group* was the disparity between the sophistication of its style and tone and the essential banality of its perceptions of life. In spite of the eternal promise of some mitigating satirical statement, a promise held out by the style but unredeemed, the novel never rose in its valuation of its subject above the level of the petty female gossip that was the principal preoccupation of the characters. It is perfectly true that the values of most of the characters were themselves banal in the extreme, but one scarcely expected Miss McCarthy's to be. Yet she and her characters always seemed to be melting into one another, to be speaking with one another's voices. Her point of view ultimately became indistinguishable from theirs, so that one had the sense at last of listening to a single voice, a monotone of unceasingly trivial chitchat, in which the focus of interest was all on externals and appearances, the countless small housekeeping details of a purely materialistic view of existence.

Through listening to that voice one found out a great deal about the lives of Miss McCarthy's girls. One learned about their styles of dress and hair-do, the food they liked to eat, the books they read, the stores where they did their shopping (Gristede's, Saks, Lord & Taylor), the kinds of men they slept with and did or did not marry, what sort of furniture they had in their living rooms—or *should* have had. For clearly there were very definite rules of procedure about these things, and Miss McCarthy left no doubt that she knew exactly what they were, even if her characters did not. In fact, she was always classifying the girls on her private scale of cultural expertise, rating them according to whether or not they were aware of the correct method of cooking spaghetti or had the instinct to prefer Hepplewhite over modern furniture. One learned all about such matters in *The Group*. However unsatisfactory it may have been as a novel, it was a superb handbook of etiquette, and contained as well some excellent tips on gourmet cooking.

But what one did not learn was just about everything there was to know about the girls as human beings, and it seems plausible that this information was missing because Miss McCarthy was simply not particularly interested in them as human beings, but saw them only as crystallizations of habits, styles, and attitudes. There was evidence everywhere in the novel that her preoccupation is with things rather than with people. The supreme question for her is not what people feel and do, but whether they do it in good taste while wearing the right clothes.

Norman Mailer once remarked that when the action lapses in a John Updike novel, Updike becomes confused and begins to cultivate his private vice: he *writes*. When the action lapses for Miss McCarthy, she starts making lists, and she does this not only because she has momentarily lost the thread of her narrative but because she cannot cope with emotion. Like a shell-shocked Hemingway hero who concentrates on the little rituals of fishing to keep from having to think, she turns her attention to objects to keep from having to feel. She begins to inventory the furniture, the books on the shelves, or the contents of the kitchen cupboards. As Mailer has said on another occasion, "Lists and categories are always the predictable refuge of the passionless, the timid, and the bowel-bound," and presumably they are so because they are a way of achieving an effect of coherence and security where otherwise one might be obliged to confront the psychological perils of real characterization. In any event, this list-making tendency of Miss McCarthy's is a principal reason why *The Group* was a hollow book, and it is discernible again in *Birds of America*, where the result is very much the same. The preoccupation with objects, life-styles, and classifications of attitude serves to trivialize material of potentially great significance.

It must be said in fairness that this is not the impression one initially has of the novel, for Miss McCarthy has chosen to tell a story which, at least in its surface features, is really quite charming, often funny, and, for her, surprisingly gentle, about the intellectual coming-of-age of a bright and attractive American boy of twenty. She tells it, furthermore, with considerable skill and an almost terrifying detachment. Her tone is no longer strident or shrewish. There is none of the heavy straining for cleverness and high philosophical portent that marred so much of her earlier fiction. In fact, the serenity of the book is so total that one might almost suppose Miss McCarthy had finally developed beyond the point in her career where she felt she had to prove, with all the pounding fists of her being, that she

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

WOMEN'S LIB

Can you correctly attribute each statement to one of the women listed in Column One? That's the difficult part of the task imposed by Olga Mueller of La Cañada, Calif., who softens the blow with the easy job of matching the speaker with the source. For the answers, march to page 58.

1. Isabel Archer ( )	A. "There must be perfect freedom on both sides."
2. Princess Ida ( )	B. "Why do you want me to be quiet? Because you know that I am right?"
3. Scarlett O'Hara ( )	C. "I shall owe nothing to any man."
4. Volumnia ( )	D. "I like your spirit, girls! We have to meet Stern bearded warriors in fight today."
5. Mary Wollstonecraft ( )	E. "I have a heart of mettle apt as yours, But yet a brain that leads my use of anger To better vantage."
6. Saint Joan ( )	F. " . . . you did not know the ardor that fills the bosom of free-born dames."
7. Nora Helmer ( )	G. "She recommends herself to the other sex by undervaluing her own . . . a very mean art."
8. Lysistrata ( )	H. "From the tyranny of man, . . . the greater number of follies proceed."
9. Antigone ( )	I. "I'm not afraid of you . . . or of any man in shoe leather."
10. Caroline Bingley ( )	J. "If there's a thing in the world I'm fond of, it's my personal independence."

a. Anouilh; b. Aristophanes; c. Austen; d. Ibsen; e. James; f. Mitchell; g. Savoy Operas; h. Shakespeare; i. Shaw; j. *Vindication of the Rights of Women*

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deserves the title of foremost lady intellectual of American letters. Yet one soon begins to suspect that such serenity is dangerous, because it seems to have been achieved at the expense of something important perhaps hidden in the dark just beyond the range of prudence, something that, had it been confronted, might have ended by violating Miss McCarthy's detachment but might also have moved her to write a vital and disturbing book rather than merely a light, amusing entertainment.

The point initially developed in *Birds of America* is that both Peter Levi, the young protagonist, and his mother, Rosamund, are obsessed with the phenomenon of change in the modern world, the erosion of the quality of life, the uglification produced by technology and mass society, whether in the New England community where they spend their summers or in the cultural centers of Europe. This, as it turns out, is Miss McCarthy's real subject, and it is difficult to imagine a more important one. Surely, nothing is so central to our present predicament as the breakdown of most of the values we call civilized, the destruction of the qualitatively human by the quantitatively inhuman. Yet Miss McCarthy's tendency to itemize rather than analyze, to be as relentlessly quantitative herself as the social process she appears to condemn, works powerfully to vitiate the dramatic possibilities inherent in the subject.

In New England, for example, the effects of change are most painfully apparent to Rosamund in the scarcity of certain kinds of food she has always preferred to use in cooking. Throughout the early part of the novel we are offered extensive catalogues of the culinary materials no longer obtainable in the grocery stores of Rocky Port—buckwheat flour, plain unflavored yogurt, salt codfish in wooden boxes, tapioca for the real old-fashioned pudding, a whole fresh fish (that is, with head and bones), a whole chicken, Mason jars with rubbers, jelly glasses, calcium oxide for watermelon pickle. There is genuine comedy in Rosamund's frustrated efforts to locate these items and to browbeat the local storekeepers into stocking them. One might even detect a hint of the mock-epic in the extravagant moral energy she expends on her trivial search, and particularly in such a statement as "the difference between sliced bread and unsliced was [for her] the difference between right and wrong." Even Peter perceives that his mother's ethical position is "based on style" and seems finally reducible to a question of the right and wrong things to eat for dinner.

"Well, that's one way of meeting the population explosion."

Again as in *The Group*, one cannot be sure whether Miss McCarthy is trying for a satirical effect or speaking in her completely sincere voice and expressing, in this case, her own thoroughly documented snobbishness about food. One needs to be sure, because the entire meaning of Rosamund's character depends upon it. The scarcity of certain foods may be some cause for annoyance, but it hardly constitutes serious evidence of the collapse of Western civilization. If Rosamund thinks it does, then she can be dismissed as a frivolous woman. If Miss McCarthy thinks it does, then she is either blind or irresponsible. For if anything is threatened with extinction, it is a whole way of life, system of values, and range of moral and aesthetic choices, and this fact is not engaged at any point in *Birds of America*.

One encounters a similar problem in Miss McCarthy's treatment of what might, with proper handling, have been the extremely crucial philosophical issue of the novel as well as a devastating subject for satire. Both Peter and his mother are characterized as liberal humanitarians, and Peter at least is a passionate believer in the leveling of all distinctions between men. Yet their emotional and aesthetic responses are conservative and what is currently called élitist. Their social philosophy, in short, conflicts ludicrously, perhaps even tragically, with the standards by which they judge and condemn the cultural debasement of the modern world. For if their egalitarian dream is realized, the process of debasement can only be accelerated, the environment made uglier, the food more tasteless and standardized, the possibilities of the civilized life drastically narrowed. This is a paradox of shattering force, and it is central to the liberal intellectual's dilemma at the present time. But again Miss McCarthy proves unable or unwilling to take advantage of the possibilities of her material. Peter and his mother are depicted in this state of moral ambiguity, but they are never dramatized explicitly in terms of it, nor is the whole problem given the thematic authority it so clearly deserves.

Peter is shown to be a naïve, enormously idealistic young man, and as such is presumably a fair representative of his generation. He tries to live by Kant's belief that people should be treated as ends rather than means and that there is a categorical imperative of right conduct which is given by nature to human conscience and is, therefore, universal and immutable. But Peter's experiences during his junior year in Paris all serve to prove that his philosophy is untenable. The wholesome-looking, rigorously vegetarian American girl he is attracted to turns out to be having an affair with a married Frenchman. His friend, Silvanus Platt, resists all Peter's efforts to save his integrity and chooses to go on being the subsidized skiing companion of an older woman. When Peter tries to be kind to a female *clochard* by letting her spend the night in his room, she repays the favor by urinating on his floor and stealing his brass doorknob. When he attempts to intercede for another friend who has been arrested during a street demonstration, he is injured by the police van backing into him.

At the beginning of the novel Peter is saddened to hear of the death of the great horned owl, one of the last beleaguered species of birds of America. At the end he is attacked by a black swan and hospitalized with a serious infection. During a period of delirium he is visited by an apparition of Kant,

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who tells him that not only is God dead but nature is dead as well. Since Peter has always thought of nature as his other mother and, under Kant's influence, has based his whole theory of life on the assumption that it exists, this is a revelation of the greatest magnitude. If nature is dead, then, in the Kantian view, there can no longer be any structure of meaning in the universe, hence no moral standard by which any action can be judged. But it is evident that Peter is nothing if not confused. He has tried to live by a code of humanitarian idealism. He has preached equality and justice for all. Yet he finds himself revolted in Rome by the mobs of vulgar tourists crowding into the churches, and he even proposes to his Pangloss-like academic adviser, Mr. Small, that entrance examinations should be given for admission to the Sistine Chapel, so that there might be room for people like himself who are educated to appreciate the art work. Mr. Small's smug technocratic belief in this best of all possible worlds is no more than a mockery of his own liberalism, the validity of which neither his instincts nor his experiences seem to support.

All this is potent with unexplored significance, and it contains a promise of political and metaphysical heresies that might have led Miss McCarthy to say something profound, even dangerous, about the difference between contemporary social idealism and the reality of contemporary social process. Peter's dilemma, if examined in its full implications, might have been made truly representative of the state of mind not only of his generation but of his intellectual class. He might indeed have become a Candide of our time. But Miss McCarthy treated whimsically what she evidently could not bring herself to face squarely. She indulged her passion for cataloguing the externals of things, ideas, and people, so that she ended once again by making lists rather than discoveries.

Norman Podhoretz once suggested that Miss McCarthy has an abiding fear of appearing ridiculous. It would also seem that she is afraid of being politically unfashionable. Conceivably both fears were responsible for her performance here. But a writer committed to the values of his material, the values put there by his instincts as well as his mind, must be prepared to accept the risks that attach to them, even the risks of appearing ridiculous and offending his friends. *Birds of America* contains evidence of such risks not taken. A major novel was once again possibly within the reach of Miss McCarthy's talent, but not, it seems, of her courage.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Not So Idiosyncratic

IN HIS LARGELY FAVORABLE, serious, and thoughtful review of *The Emerging Japanese Superstate* [*SR*, Jan. 23] Professor Rosovsky raised a number of issues which I found both useful and interesting. However, at one point he takes me to task for "idiosyncratic historical observations." He maintains that "most Japanese historians would be astonished to read that Tokugawa farmers tended on the average to be somewhat better off financially than the Samurai, that Dutch studies (*rangaku*) were clandestine, or that *mabiki* (infanticide) was common in rural Japan at the time of the Restoration." This is not my reading of "most" Japanese historians; these observations may need qualification, but they are certainly not astonishing. George Sansom, for example, in *The Western World and Japan* observes (p. 231) that "there is plenty of evidence to show that some members of the farming community in fertile districts were much better off than poor Samurai." Whatever the "average" difference in incomes, there seems to be little doubt that there was substantial overlap. On the second point, it may be true that Dutch studies were not clandestine during the *early* Tokugawa period, but they certainly became so—at least to a degree—during the last fifty years of this period when the Tokugawa Shogun and his Confucian advisers became increasingly alarmed at the spread of Western ideas among their political opposition. On the third point, John K. Fairbank and Edwin O. Reischauer, among others, make several references (in *East Asia: The Great Tradition*) to the existence of infanticide in late Tokugawa Japan among the poor peasants and Samurai unable to support large families.

I might also add that when Professor Rosovsky summarized my conclusions he (perhaps necessarily) oversimplified them somewhat. I do not imply anywhere that the Japanese consciously chose the year 2000 for the date at which they hope to "catch up" with the West but only that this date has, in recent years, acquired an important degree of saliency, that it is indeed a reasonable and charismatic date for them to use for both discussion and planning purposes, and that in fact it is quite likely soon to be consciously chosen.

Professor Rosovsky and I agree that factors inherent in a higher level of economic maturity seem likely to make it increasingly difficult for Japan to maintain her current high growth rates. I would maintain, however, that Japan's growth rates are nevertheless likely to remain substantially higher than those in the West, and that the case for this expectation most certainly does not rest only on "viewing tomorrow in the framework of today" but on reasonable and plausible extrapolations of today's trends. There are, of course, always the possibilities of significant surprises, but these can usually go either way.

HERMAN KAHN,
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Wrong Ticket

IN CRITICIZING Mike Royko's book about Mayor Daley [*SR*, Apr. 24], "unattached political researcher" Perry L. Weed lists Bernard Carey as a member of the balanced ticket that the Democrats assembled last November in Cook County. The ticket was balanced, all right, but not to the extent that it included Carey. He ran for sheriff on the Republican ticket (and lost).

LYNN SLOVONSKY,
Champaign, Ill.

Moments of Absurdity

PROFESSOR DANIEL JAFFE is a good judge of poetry, and his POETRY QUARTERLY roundup [*SR*, Apr. 3] has much to commend it. But he has given me some trouble because he began with a comment on contemporary appreciation of poetry (or lack of it) and asserted that "a reviewer for the *Kansas City Star* raved about Rod [McKuen] and Shakespeare and Homer in the same breath."

What Professor Jaffe recalls as a "review" was a merry bit of satire by a brilliant young occasional reviewer (Virginia Hall), who took Karl Shapiro to task a full year ago for grumping about the current generation of young people and lumping all as McKuen followers. She suggested that Shapiro (along with Establishment professors) should "lift his nose from the book and look around for a moment." She concluded her essay:

> Is there any merit in arguing over the art forms of generations of people? Shakespeare is eternal, an artist with something to express and something to share with all time. Yet Shakespeare did not say it all and even he, so lauded by the academic literati, had his moments of excess and his moments of absurdity. Homer had them. Milton had them. Eliot had them, and professors have them. (If my college notes are accurate, they have them three or four times a lecture.)
>
> Shall we pick a line from one poet or singer—from Buffy Sainte-Marie—and say that this is gibberish and foolishness and represents the entire community of art among the young? Who is being silly now?

Professor Jaffe, obviously, was not amused at seeing his own old professor, Karl Shapiro, challenged.

THORPE MENN,
Book Review Editor, *Kansas City Star*,
Kansas City, Mo.

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ECONOMICS PEACE AND LAUGHTER

by John Kenneth Galbraith
edited by Andrea D. Williams

Houghton Mifflin, 382 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Lekachman

■ Last December the American Economic Association proffered its 1972 presidency to the author of these wise and entertaining essays. Unlike Thorstein Veblen, who rejected the same nomination late in his career, John Kenneth Galbraith accepted. Accordingly, for a year he will tower over other economists by virtue of office as well as physique.

Is the practiced iconoclast mellowing? Has he joined the economic Establishment? I hasten to reassure his admirers, and possible purchasers of this volume, that the old Galbraith lives. The magisterial opening essay, "Economics and the Quality of Life," simultaneously restates the central argument of *The New Industrial State*, reaffirms Galbraith's belief that in advanced societies the quality of life much exceeds in significance mere economic growth, and reproves fellow economists for their failure to take appropriate account of institutional change, as well as for their sluggishness in moving so slowly beyond Keynes to new issues of affluence.

"The Language of Economics," the next item, explains pungently how inordinately abstract practitioners of the economic arts deploy "arcane concepts" and "obscure language," the better to protect themselves from "communication with the world at large." The best economists either wrote exceedingly well, like Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, or, like Karl Marx, possessed intellects powerful enough to convince ordinary folk it was worth the trouble to penetrate their opaque formulations. When economists cope with the real world, they perforce take account of politics and social organization. On such occasions laymen can understand them. Moral: when economists are incomprehensible, the odds are they are saying nothing of interest to anyone but a minute fraction of their colleagues. Galbraith remains abidingly skeptical of the worth of the mathematical models with which fashionable young economists amuse themselves and hasten their promotions.

"How Keynes Came to America," already something of a minor classic, is a crisp account of the manner in which Keynes first converted Harvard and then, much more slowly, infiltrated New-Deal Washington. Although these days even President Nixon labels himself a Keynesian—a sufficient warning that Keynes has become both respectable and obsolete—there was a time when Keynesians were judged dangerous fellows by sober people.

As its title declares, this collection spreads in theme far beyond economics. Galbraith has traveled a good deal: to India in his country's service, to Switzerland, Russia, Poland, Yugoslavia, and Vermont on his own. Gstaad, where Galbraith does much of his writing, is an Alpine village whose lovingly limned charms include smallness of scale, agreeableness of company, and the odor in spring of the "vintage cow manure which has been accumulating all winter." The stink recalls his Canadian boyhood, and the chance it afforded Galbraith to "help move great tonnages of this nutrient every spring." "Nothing," sighs this poet of the countryside, "is so nostalgic as that odor—in combination with the knowledge that someone else is doing the shoveling."

Among his friends and acquaintances Galbraith numbers a fine sample of the famous and the interesting. Probably the funniest single story in this volume is the following excerpt from John Steinbeck's last letter to his friend. Steinbeck "had just heard about the perfect diplomat." Two men were discussing Green Bay, Wisconsin:

> FIRST MAN: It's a real nice place.
> SECOND MAN: What's nice about it? Only things ever come out of Green Bay is the Packers and ugly whores.
> FIRST MAN: Now, wait just one minute, you son of a bitch. My wife is from Green Bay.
> SECOND MAN: She is? What position she play?

Among elegant renderings of Dean Acheson, Dwight Eisenhower, and William F. Buckley, Jr., I single out gratefully two sketches. The first is a brief memoir of Richard Nixon that reveals how in 1941 the young Nixon, fresh out of Duke Law School, was rejected for employment by the FBI but hired by the Office of Price Administration, administered by none other than Galbraith. I shall not spoil the story for the reader by revealing any of the consequences Galbraith discovers in this employment record. The second is a hilarious vignette of "The Day Nikita Khrushchev Visited the Establishment," the confrontation in New York between the Russian dictator and the masters of corporate America—John McCloy, John D. Rockefeller III, Averell Harriman, Dean Rusk, and their peers. In this company Galbraith in-

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serts himself as the "one representative of the proletariat." The state of America today renders perfectly credible Galbraith's estimate that the Russian was the smartest man in the room.

On foreign affairs as on domestic issues Galbraith displays the irritating trait of premature rightness. As early as 1962 he was warning his friend, political master, and former student, John Kennedy, that Vietnam was a potential trap. "Foreign Policy: The Plain Lessons of a Bad Decade" accurately summarizes the four major lessons of ten horrible years: 1) our power in the third world is limited; 2) ideological debates between communism and capitalism possess "only a rhetorical relevance" in poor societies; 3) superpowers cannot control "the inner life and development of the Third World"; 4) the bureaucracy that results from fruitless efforts to exert such control "develops a life and purpose of its own."

Exigencies of space compel me to neglect Galbraith on the stock market, public architecture and public works, the role of American ambassadors, the proper goals of economic development, and the causes of poverty. Still, I may have said enough to convey my appreciation of a man who can be serious without solemnity, prescient without false modesty, original without footnotes, irreverent to the mighty, warm-hearted in his memories of friends, and, altogether, Canada's most valuable export to a neighbor who at length is showing proper signs of gratitude. Like a fine Burgundy of a great year, Galbraith improves with age.

Robert Lekachman, professor of economics at the State University of New York in Stony Brook, is the author of "Age of Keynes."

LISTENING TO AMERICA: A Traveler Rediscovers His Country

by Bill Moyers

Harper's Magazine Press, 342 pp., $7.95

U. S. JOURNAL

by Calvin Trillin

Dutton, 314 pp., $6.50

Reviewed by John K. Hutchens

■ Along with sundry irrefutable conclusions reached by, say, Euclid and Ann Landers, it's a truism that the authors of good travel books have certain characteristics in common. They observe intelligently and listen attentively. They earn extra marks, of course, if they happen to write passably or better, though technology in the form of the tape recorder may relieve them of the need to use their own words.

On a 13,000-mile swing around the United States last year, Bill Moyers let a tape recorder do a large part of the work for the book entitled appropriately *Listening to America.* Calvin Trillin, writing the *U.S. Journal* series for *The New Yorker* over a three-year period beginning in 1967, is, I would guess, a note-taker and distiller. Mr. Moyers arrives at a place where news is breaking, as at Lawrence, Kansas, during the 1970 student riots at the University of Kansas. He tunes in, asks the right questions, and, having made his record, moves on. Mr. Trillin, choosing "situations that would ordinarily have an audience not much broader than the subscribers to the local newspaper," lingers over his story, develops it slowly, lets it achieve its own tone according to the nature of its content. For purposes of an armchair look at this country in a time of change and travail, there is really no point in trying to establish the superiority of one method or style over the other.

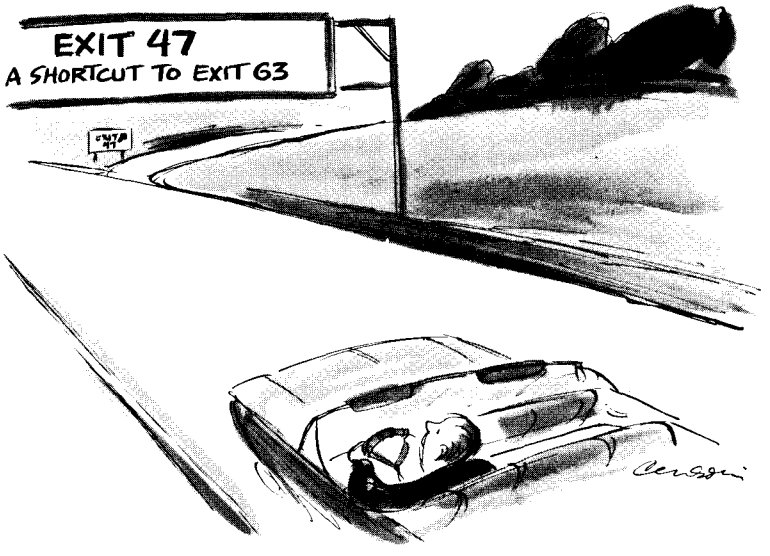
Mr. Moyers, sometime deputy director of the Peace Corps, adviser to President Johnson, and publisher of *Newsday*, was restless after ten years spent chiefly in Washington and New York. With his tape recorder he took to the highways and skyways by bus and plane, and out of his journey came a cross section admirable in its scope and variety. His first stop, the 1970 Democratic State Convention in Hartford, Connecticut, found him on familiar political ground; but the highlight of his visit was an eloquent account by a shattered Vietnam veteran of what it means to be trained to kill. In East Gary, Indiana, Moyers heard from members of the steel haulers' union, well-read in the classic literature of rebellion, of a campaign to overthrow James Hoffa. In Colfax, Washington, he observed students and politicians arguing at such complete odds about the future of Washington State University that they scarcely seemed to be speaking the same language.

As a good reporter does, Mr. Moyers conveys the essence of a big story and a personal tragedy by a short direct quote. Echoes of the Depression of forty years ago were sounding drearily when he talked with men and women in the lines of the unemployed in Seattle. A man laid off by the Boeing Company told him:

> I thought I did a good job for the company. A lot of other people did, too. . . . Several times I had a chance to get out, but they didn't want me to go. Then when the chances were gone, I was unloaded. Just declared surplus. I said to the fellow who had put me in the job, "How come you didn't talk to me about it, at least let me know a little bit ahead of time?" And he said, "Well, I was afraid if I talked to you I might change my mind."

The reporter has a Texan's pride in Houston, but he and his tape recorder were listening with compassion when a black leader there said:

> To be black in Houston means being consciously aware that you are excluded from most of the major decision-making processes that govern your life. It means probably being poor. It means almost certainly no access or relatively little access to many of the community services normally provided—from garbage pickups at your house to getting free samples that are sent out by companies in the mail. It means generally being sometimes



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gawked at, written about too much, talked about too much. . . .

And so around the circuit to Washington, D.C., and, in the company of two policemen, one black, one white, a startling view of crime-stricken areas Moyers had never known in the years of his public service in the Capital. He interprets the mood and temper of his country from coast to coast:

> People are more anxious and bewildered than alarmed. They don't know what to make of it all: of long hair and endless war, of their children deserting their country, of congestion on their highways and overflowing crowds in their national parks, of art that does not uplift and movies that do not reach conclusions. . . . There is a myth that the decent thing has almost always prevailed in America when the issues were clearly put to the people. It may not always happen. I found among people an impatience, an intemperance, an isolation which invites opportunists who promise too much and castigate too many. . . .

Mr. Trillin's account is in *The New Yorker* tradition: low-keyed and precise, with the reported fact allowed to make its own comment. "Killings," the first section of *U.S. Journal* is called, and nothing could be more chilling than the chronicle of the murder by a hillbilly of a Canadian documentary film-maker in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, or the shooting of one young man in West Chester, Pennsylvania, by another young man who may or may not have been a police undercover agent in a motorcycle gang.

Mr. Trillin's instinct for the oddity lurking in the apparently ordinary took him into all manner of curious corners. Had you ever heard of Paul Anderson, World's Strongest Man and one of the most tireless workers in the vineyard of the Almighty? Or Herbert Eyman, whose life is one long investigation of the claims of candidates for the Carnegie Medal for heroism? Trillin's humor is obliquely sly, as when, in later essays, he describes his own test of the Boeing 747 and ponders Governor Lester Maddox's struggle to impose his no-nicotine, no-booze morality on reluctant Georgia politicians. The tone is darker when the author reports on hunger and parasitic disease in Beaufort, South Carolina, and the anti-Semitic aspects of the vulgar bacchanal that is New Orleans's Mardi Gras.

In a word, you can learn a great deal about your country simply by following Mr. Trillin around, which of course was his and *The New Yorker*'s idea in the first place.

John K. Hutchens is the author of "One Man's Montana."

MEMOIRS OF AN AESTHETE 1939-69

by Harold Acton

Viking, 388 pp., $8.95

IMAGES AND SHADOWS: Part of a Life

by Iris Origo

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 278 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by Gabriel Gersh

■ Two delightful titles announce two delightful books in which reminiscence mingles with commentary and flashes of insight into literary personages past and present. Essentially these memoirs (including the first volume of Harold Acton's, published in 1948) are evocations of three worlds: the one that ended in 1914, the one that began in 1920 and died in agony after two decades, and the one that arose from the ashes of World War II. Though the lives of Harold Acton and Iris Origo have unfolded across this wide spectrum of time, they are basically anchored in the days before World War I. It was an era when a life supported by "private means" and pursued for the pleasures, the contemplations, and the accumulated wisdom and experience it could yield was conceivably justifiable. Now the severe dictates of communal responsibility in a harsher world have made such a mode of existence untenable, a sort of spiritual black market.

Harold Acton's first book of reminiscences told of his Oxford days in the 1920s, when his personality flowered and he dominated his contemporaries partly by the depth of his culture and partly by his gift of humor. The style of that humor is well illustrated in some of the passages concerning Anthony Blanche in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, a fact that has given rise to the legend that Blanche is intended as a portrait of Acton. But that caricature of Oxford aestheticism was drawn from many sources, Harold Acton supplying little more than examples of an eccentric and infectious wit.

In the earlier volume he also described his life in China, where he settled in 1932 and remained until the outbreak of World War II. He was one of the few foreigners who were able to penetrate China's culture and make it their own. In fact, nostalgia for that country seems to have undermined all his sparkle and wit, and led to the passion for friendships and the search for the past that have been his life since he left China and which make up this second volume of memoirs.

A large part of the book is taken up with Acton's experiences in World War II. They form a sad tale, which he still looks back on with bitterness. Believing that his knowledge of China could be valuable to Anglo-Chinese relations, he wanted to serve in the Far East. But his wish was thwarted by a bureaucratic calumny, contained in a secret report which he accidentally discovered and could not, because it was anonymous and official, refute. Instead he served as an RAF intelligence officer at fighter and bomber bases, fractured his knee in an airplane, was torpedoed in a troopship, and dawdled through months of routine work in India and Ceylon. His assignment as a press censor to SHAEF in Paris did offset the tedium to some extent, since he was able to visit Jean Cocteau and Gertrude Stein. However, for him Paris was no substitute for his beloved Chungking.

Nor were Acton's postwar experiences happy. Resisting attempts by his relatives to send him to his mother's native America, he settled in Italy, where the old radiance of the aesthetic life was dimmed by now, but still enough to sustain him. His filial piety drew him back to the family house in Fiesole, the grandiose Villa La Pietra, to which his father devoted his life, his money, and apparently most of his affection. (Harold Acton has resolved to preserve it, adding La Pietra to the mansions around Florence that succeeding generations will see not as places lived in but as museums.) He also made long excursions to Rome,

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1449

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1449 will be found in the next issue.

WYHQ VJDKCSDYXK, DSCXW-

JK, FYS VDWVHD RCXO XFVDR-

WJZ OFTD XOD JCMOX XW AKD

XOD DSCXWJCFH "RD."

—XRFCY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1448

Most vegetarians I ever see looked enough like their food to be classed as cannibals.

—Finley Peter Dunne.

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Naples, and Sicily, sometimes in the company of Evelyn Waugh, of whose foibles he is entertainingly tolerant. And at intervals he stayed in Paris and London, or visited universities in the U.S.

Aestheticism implies to many a sybaritic passivity, but not to Harold Acton, who styles himself an antiquary. The two books in which he surveyed the Neapolitan Bourbons, in whose kingdom generations of Italian Actons flourished, are a tribute to his postwar zest for research, though his judgment of that unprepossessing dynasty was distorted by ancestral loyalty.

As in his earlier memoir, Harold Acton brings a verve to the portrayal of his notable friends, among them Somerset Maugham, Arthur Waley, and Norman Douglas. Moreover, he reverses the usual convention of autobiographers, who tend to become more discreet as they approach their own generation. In these sketches the author combines affection, criticism, admiration, and understanding in fitting proportion, though some of his extended portraits, particularly those of Lady Cunard and Bernard Berenson, are less impressive because friendship stifles all critical sense.

Harold Acton has never achieved the position as a creative writer that his talents suggest he might have attained. But this autobiography can be presented in compensation, for it is an imaginative reconstruction of a way of life. A little self-indulgent at times, it nevertheless reminds a regimented world of the importance of individual thought. One feels that behind the narrative lurks the possibility of a profounder work exploring the full pattern of a life devoted to the sensibilities. But such a treatment might have decreased the pleasure to be found in this gracious account of other days.

Iris Origo has much in common with Acton, and, as one would expect from such a masterly biographer, her account of her privileged and opulent youth and of her maturity as a woman and a writer is beautifully written. The subtitle, "Part of a Life," is meant to warn us that the author is reticent about some important matters. This approach, the reverse of exhibitionism, is old-fashioned. Nevertheless, she does in fact tell a great deal.

The chapters on her early years evoke an almost legendary way of life, whether in the wealthy New England home of her American grandparents or in the earthly paradise, as she calls it, of Desart Court, the Irish estate of her mother's parents. Her description of these settings is so effective that it reminds one of the early passages in Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man.* Iris Origo also spent much of her childhood in a superb Fiesole villa built for Cosimo de' Medici by Michelozzo. During these years she suffered from mental starvation, until she was rescued by a family friend, Bernard Berenson, who arranged for her to be tutored in Greek and Latin by a classical scholar. To be so taught, in a country where the earth is saturated with classical myth and poetry, gave her what she most needed.

Though the author had no great love for her arrogant and egotistical mother, in whose care she was left after the death of her beloved father, the portrait of her is written with forbearance, and is never satirical or repellent. The result is not the familiar exercise in mother-baiting, but something oddly moving.

Given her antecedents, Iris Origo might easily have led the life of a cosmopolitan dilettante. But with her marriage to the Marchese Origo several strands in her character were drawn into a lasting pattern: energy of mind, the capacity for hard work, an inherited sense of responsibility. She and her husband, whose chief interest was scientific agriculture, had bought a large tract of unproductive land in Val d'Orcia, not far from the smiling regions of Tuscany but very different. Her husband's skill made the soil fertile again, while Iris restored the house, the Villa La Foce, and the gardens. That the Origos suffered under Fascism is clear, although the author declares that the régime's agricultural policy was often enlightened. (Since then, she has sadly watched the flight from the land in Italy. Of the fifty-seven farms established on her estate, only six remain.) When Italy entered the war she and her husband, with the approval of their employees and at great peril to themselves, hid escaped Allied prisoners and anti-German partisans.

After the death of her eight-year-old son, which was the worst tragedy of her life, Iris Origo began to write in order to lessen her grief. In the last twenty years she has produced, among other works, an excellent biography of Leopardi; a touching study of the brief, unhappy life of Allegra, Byron's illegitimate daughter, and a marvelous reconstruction from household accounts and letters of the domestic life of the thirteenth-century Italian merchant Datini.

What are the themes that recur in her work? Essentially stoicism, resistance to fate, passive suffering, the acceptance of the remorseless anvil of existence. Like the Tuscan hills she loves so much, her prose has a timeless and refreshing Vergilian quality. It is only fitting that Iris Origo, who has done so much for other men of letters, should now tell us something about herself in this fine work.

Gabriel Gersh is a free-lance writer specializing in Mediterranean history and culture.

"Your wife telephoned me today. She wants me to join Women's Lib."

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WHITE NIGGERS OF AMERICA: The Precocious Autobiography of a Quebec "Terrorist"

by Pierre Vallières
translated from the French
by Joan Pinkham

Monthly Review Press, 288 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by L. L. L. Golden

■ Canadians are often sensitive about the paucity of knowledge Americans have of their northern neighbor. The misconceptions, the myths, the lack of understanding of Canada are frequently the theme of bitter comment by Canadians, who, in contrast, are close followers of American affairs, taking sides and rooting for U.S. Presidential candidates as if they were hockey teams.

Last fall Americans were jolted into recognition of Canada when, within a few days, a British consular official in Montreal, J. R. Cross, and the Quebec Minister of Labor, Pierre Laporte, were kidnaped and the latter garroted with the chain of his religious medal. The Front de Libération du Québec, which had for several years terrorized the province with the fire-bombing of public buildings, claimed credit for the events.

Now we have a book by a leading theoretician of the FLQ, thirty-four-year-old Pierre Vallières, who is being promoted as Canada's Eldridge Cleaver and Malcolm X. The autobiography, which claims to explain why a handful of young French-Canadians have taken to dynamite and murder as a means of liberation, will badly confuse Americans about Quebec. The work is crudely uninformed about the United States and shows an amazing lack of knowledge of the author's own province and country, its history and its political processes.

M. Vallières describes his unhappy childhood in a poor section of Montreal, the long hours his father worked, the bad schools he attended, his frustrations with the lack of cultural opportunity, and he tells how he despised his mother because she continuously told him life was hard, that he should be satisfied with half a loaf, to stop rebelling and try to get a good job.

Vallières found no ease in Canada. His work as a bank clerk he couldn't bear. His work on *La Presse*, the dominion's largest French daily newspaper, did not satisfy him. In Paris it was worse, for he could find no one who knew anything about Canada's problems or anyone who could quite remember where Quebec was on the map. Vallières was on the verge of suicide when he decided to return to Montreal; he asked his mother to pay his fare back home, which she, of course, did.

The author's alienation from the Roman Catholic Church, his antagonism to English-speaking Canadians and Americans, his narrow perspective of Quebec, his lack of awareness of the rest of Canada are revealed in a halting, sometimes eloquent style. Prime Minister Trudeau has, he says, sold out the French-Canadians; the Parti Québécois, which advocates the separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada, and its leader, René Lévesque, are brushed aside as dullards who block the way to Quebec's liberation because they use the electoral process. This, even though the party has Montreal-based strength, as shown in the last provincial election (held on April 15, 1970), when the separatists' party won 23 per cent of the popular vote.

By far the most serious failure of *White Niggers of America* is the author's equating the condition of the French-Canadian with that of the American Negro. Again and again through the book, M. Vallières compares his FLQ with the groups in the USA seeking black power. What are the facts?

The American Negro, until yesterday, was almost totally cut off from economic and political power. Before the recent Voting Rights Act, blacks were even denied the franchise in large sections of the country. No matter the talent or education, all but the most menial jobs were withheld from them. Colleges were closed to them; high posts in government were not for them; the horrendous exclusion of the Negro from the good things in American life was almost complete.

Now let us take a look at the French-speaking citizen in Canada, where he comprises better than 30 per cent of the country and more than 80 per cent of Quebec. There has never been a premier of Quebec who was not French-Canadian. There has never been a Federal Cabinet that did not have strong French-Canadian representation. There has never been any curtailment of French-Canadian voting power; in fact, a rule of thumb of Canadian political parties is that it is next to impossible to take national office without substantial support from French Quebec.

—UPI

Pierre Vallières—"no ease in Canada."

The current Prime Minister of Canada is a French-Canadian with powerful support in every province. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada is a French-Canadian, as are nine of the twelve members from Quebec in the Federal Cabinet. The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Speaker of the Senate, and the Government leader in the Senate are all French-Canadians. The president of Air Canada, the government airline, is a French-Canadian, and so are the Canadian Ambassador to the United States, the Ambassador to the United Nations, the executive vice president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and the chairman of Canada's National Arts Center. The same is true of the Ambassadors to France, Argentina, Portugal, Peru, Greece, and Jordan. There is no attempt to exclude French-Canadians from high office, at home or abroad. In fact, they are often sought out for vital posts.

Nor is this something new in Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a French-Canadian, was Prime Minister from July 11, 1896, to October 6, 1911, and widely beloved he was. From November 15, 1948, to June 21, 1957, Louis St. Laurent was Prime Minister and, earlier, this French-Canadian was Minister of External Affairs after a highly successful career as a corporation lawyer.

Would that the American Negro had the opportunities and political clout the French-Canadians have had historically! And all attained through nonviolent methods. Canada has many serious problems, as have all nations today. Quebec has special problems of its own, largely economic and in many ways due to the fact that it is an island of French-speaking people on a continent of some 220 million English-speaking North Americans.

For the FLQ theoretician to approximate the French-Canadian's lot with that of the newly emerging Negro in this country is rubbish. Most French-Canadians, unlike Pierre Vallières, know the meaning of the ballot box and prefer it to TNT for effectiveness.

L. L. L. Golden, author of "Only by Public Consent" and a former editorial writer for The Globe and Mail, Toronto, is still closely involved with public affairs in his native land.

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INTERNATIONAL DISSENT: Six Steps Toward World Peace

by William O. Douglas

Random House, 155 pp., $4.95

THE COMMON SENSE OF POLITICS

by Mortimer J. Adler

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 265 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Alfred M. Bingham

■ Social change no doubt needs anger, perhaps even a measure of despair, to prompt it. But it also needs the voice of reason if it is not to be change for the worse. Both Mortimer J. Adler and William O. Douglas have sympathy, I am sure, for those later generations whose anger and despair have on occasion turned them to mindless violence. Nevertheless, while agreeing that our "Spaceship Earth" may become uninhabitable if we do not "supplant the War System by a Rule of Law," as Justice Douglas puts it, they recognize that this will be "an onerous task."

Onerous but not impossible. Both authors undertake to tell us, lucidly and cogently and unpretentiously, what should be done to make the world a viable community. Perhaps some of the young may listen—or, if not the young, then at least the concerned citizen.

While their target is the same, the approaches of the two authors could hardly be more different. As a keen observer and traveler, Justice Douglas knows that man is selfish and predatory, and that there will always be discord between nations. As a lawyer, he believes that conflicts can be resolved by mediation or adjudication, on the international scene no less than in domestic affairs.

Douglas takes a minimalist approach to world government. He notes that the Soviet Union and the United States have signed a treaty "to collaborate in fishery research, and to protect red hake and silver hake in designated portions of the Atlantic." If they can forget their paranoid fears of each other long enough to take the next step—agreement to submit disputes in that one narrow area to compulsory arbitration—they will be making progress toward a world community .

Justice Douglas knows that the rule of law depends less on sheriffs and policemen than on custom and compromise and "cooperative habits of living"—in other words, peaceful coexistence. His recommendations, therefore, require no vast institutional changes. The United Nations with its affiliated International Court of Justice and alphabetical agencies—EPTA, UNICEF, ECAFE, and the like—can, if only the powers will permit it, handle what needs to be done to save the world from destruction.

The author does not quail at the implications of the abandonment of the war system. He would have this country withdraw all troops abroad, dismantle the whole system of Cold War alliances, find common ground with Russia and China, assist the developing nations to "enter this technological age." The task is indeed "onerous," but Douglas would say it can be done because it must. His is a telling tract for the times.

By contrast Mortimer Adler, classical political philosopher and purveyor of the wisdom of the great books, thinks it no more than common sense to start planning a new political structure for a united world. He believes that by taking thought man can achieve not only the good life for himself but the good society for all humankind. At the end of *The Common Sense of Politics* appears this astonishing paragraph:

> There is nothing in the nature of man or of society and its institutions that makes it impossible to rectify all injustices and to remove all deprivations. If the limit of institutional progress is defined formally as the best possible society, in which all men will have the opportunity to make good lives for themselves, then that limit will be reached, or at least very closely approached, when revolutionary or civil progress has brought into existence a classless society that embraces all men in a world state under a world government that is constitutional, democratic, and socialistic. Nothing less than this will completely abolish war, racism, and poverty from the face of the earth; or maximize, through justice, freedom and equality for all.

Here is radicalism no less urgent than that of the student anarchists who are Adler's particular target, a revolutionary vision no less daring than that of Charles Reich, whose "juvenile vagaries" he obviously despises. Yet he writes in the style of the patient teacher: logical, lucid, pedestrian. He leads us carefully where his masters—Aristotle, Cicero, Dante, and Aquinas, Montesquieu and the Federalists, Locke and John Stuart Mill—have preceded him, and, if a behaviorist nonphilosopher is any judge, he is no mean successor.

Like Douglas, Adler feels we have a single choice—one world or none. But he has far more faith in man's capacity to fashion whatever political institutions the times require. It would be easy to put him aside as an ivory tower Utopian, far removed from the battlegrounds of Indochina and even the streets of his own Chicago, ignoring the realities that make "politics" more often a byword for corruption than for creative genius. Is it "common sense" to say we can achieve "a good life" for "every human being everywhere on earth"?

Yet it would be unbecoming in this reviewer to criticize the use of "common sense" to mean intuitive genius and the highest practical wisdom. Thomas Paine, after all, gave it the same revolutionary ring in his little book. And Adler's "universal principles" are not necessarily less practical than those of Thomas Jefferson, now incorporated in the Black Panthers' manifesto.

Mortimer Adler is not likely to become the Paine or Jefferson of the revolution he proclaims. He has written too many classroom lectures, and he is too wedded to the past. Neither he nor Douglas touches on such problems as computerized bureaucracy, the isolation of technical expertise, the monstrous growth of megalopolis—matters that have made anarchists of a whole generation. Yet theirs are welcome voices when so many cry havoc.

Alfred M. Bingham, editor of Common Sense magazine during the 1930s, practices law in Connecticut. He is co-author with his brother, Congressman Jonathan B. Bingham, of the recently published "Violence and Democracy."

Poems Are Made By Gods Like Me

by Reeve Spencer Kelley

These are the athletes, then
who have played gales and won
to bring the green cup back each April
at the start of rain

horseplay and silence

great roaring nights,
the whole team out beneath the stars,
windrows of bodies
in defense of spring

good athletes, blown through with air,
don't think, they feel
and, out of instinct, move
against whatever wall
resistance dares erect

and when they lose, they lose
to such calamity
there is no need to ask
how well they played

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THE QUEST FOR CHRISTA T.

by Christa Wolf
translated from the German by
Christopher Middleton

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 185 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Peter Moscoso-Góngora

■ The mid-1930s saw a crisis in Marxist literary theory, triggered by the political collapse of German socialism. The exiled German writers, specifically Anna Seghers, assumed a stance of aesthetic opposition to the, for the moment, more politically inspired patriarch of communist literary criticism, George Lukács.

For Lukács, Marxism affords an understanding of the world "in its totality," no matter how perplexing reality may superficially appear at any given moment. The "totality of the world portrayed," its "concreteness," provides the fundamental criteria for any work of art. Hence, the Marxist writer is supposedly in the enviable position of knowing not only what is happening here and now (the historical current underlying events) but what this will lead to and why.

Chaos disappears. "Where the philosophy of despair weeps for the collapse of a world and the destruction of culture," Lukács writes, "there Marxists watch the birthpangs of a new world and assist in mitigating the pains of labor." Truth is unveiled. "Concreteness . . . involves an awareness of the development, structure and goal of society as a whole. . . . The perspective of socialism enables the writer to see society and history for what they are." It follows necessarily that "subsequent developments confirm his portrait of the age." Serious literature—literature that is philosophically meaningful (Marxists generally hold that what is philosophically meaningless is aesthetically worthless)—is prophetic. As Peter Demetz has noted, the writer who fits Lukács's mold must reveal "the potential or latent character of a situation that has not yet developed and is only remotely suggested in present reality." Quite a tall order.

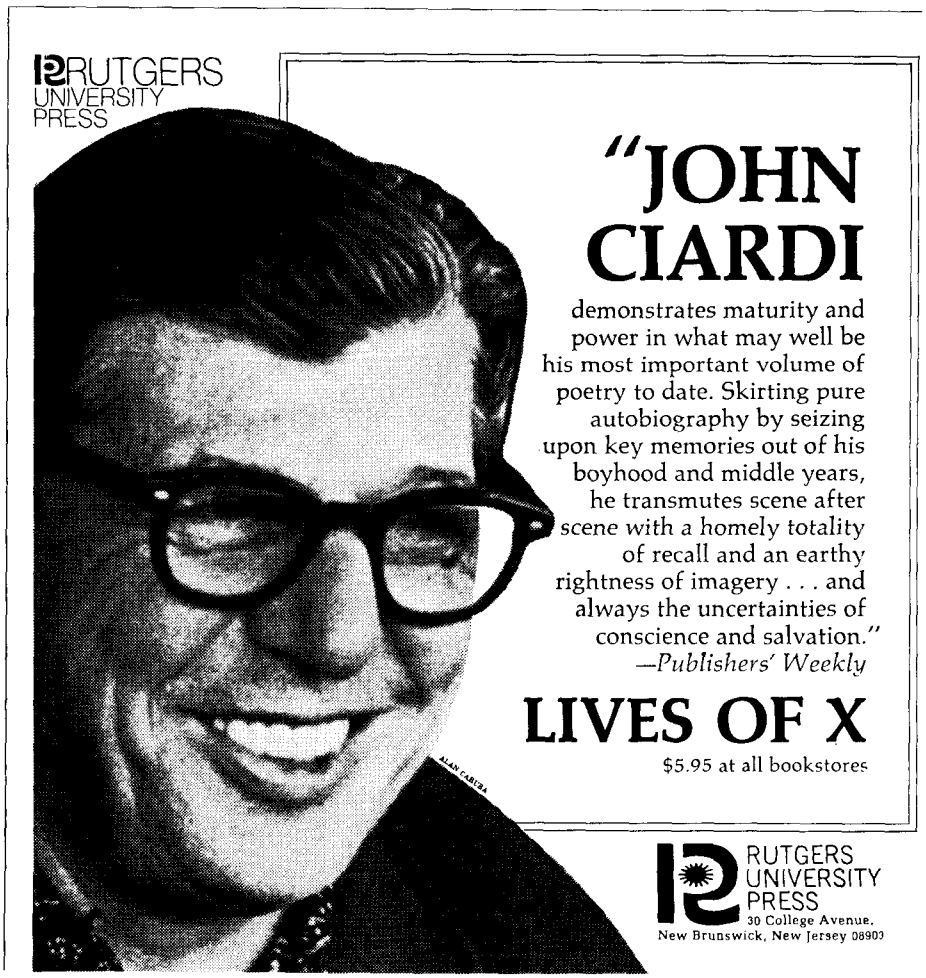
Against this Marxist literature of totality that faithfully "mirrored" reality, Lukács opposed contemporary bourgeois literature, with its "fragments" of reality, its "exaggerated concern with formal criteria, with questions of style and literary technique."

Anna Seghers objected. In a series of letters she expressed the more experimental view that East German writers were gradually to develop. "What kind of 'mirrors' did we have during the war and shortly after the war, when we grew up? They either reflected a world of the past, alien to us, which we, under the impact of our own lives, could not understand, or they gave a distorted picture of society. It is . . . a question of . . . the beginning of something that is far from completed: the shaping of new fundamental experiences, the art of our epoch." In quest of this new epoch, what to Lukács seemed like empty formalism might be the necessarily fumbling probe toward a new form for a new content.

On this point Anna Seghers must surely be counted the winner. Lukács's "totality" theory, distorted to be sure, performed for Soviet literature the singular task that Stalin's "economic subjectivism" performed for Soviet industry. Each saw a "concrete totality" that came nowhere near to approximating the truth. Under the guise of tapping the "undercurrents" of reality, Soviet writers turned prophecy into outright fabrication. "Typical" heroes were of such self-sacrificing nobility that they appeared to prove Stalin's claim that communism was imminent—when it was nowhere to be seen.

The East German writers developed along opposing lines. *The Seventh Cross* (1942) had earned Anna Seghers worldwide fame; as chairman of the GDR's Communist Writers' League she continuously argued for innovation. East Germany was doubly fortunate in the number of prominent writers who settled there after the war, Brecht being perhaps the most famous example. A unique literary approach was to forge itself, in which the profound disequilibrium of postwar man and an appropriately disjointed and misty style were to take root in an unequivocally Marxist context.

That this literature is profoundly Marxist despite stylistic similarities to bourgeois literature is a fact the Western reader is, unfortunately, apt to miss. Unfortunately, because the most remarkable achievement of a book such as *The Quest for Christa T.* is the way in which an ideological (in the philosophical sense) schema is used to construct a personality with a wealth of subjective complexities, while adhering to a rigorous teleological line of development. Nowhere is it more apparent—in an overwhelmingly aesthetic, nondidactic way—that an author has accepted the Marxist dictum that ideological criteria underlie and mold literary expression. Christa Wolfe's style, her strangely impersonal and fleeting locales, are reflections of a deep-rooted philosophical image of man interacting with the historical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essence of events—not their phenomenal, topographical cover.

Christa T. is a young student as Nazi Germany nears its end. Thrust into a formless world, wandering from place to place, she is both at home and a stranger everywhere. She knows "the world's darker half from which she always wanted to escape." The narrator, her friend, loses and finds her again at different stages of her life. Christa T. possesses an enthusiasm for life that not even the horrors of war can destroy, and to which Marxism with its "rational clarity" beckons. "She jumps up: yes, that's how it will be, this is the way to ourselves."

Christa T. belongs to her time, and she doesn't wish to escape it; its aims are her aims as well. And, precisely because of her commitment to this utopian future—which is nothing if not a mirror of Christa T. herself: her unrestrainable exuberance, the passions and dreams that paralyze her, her need to rise above flat reality, her contempt for the banal, the routine, and factitious—East Germany frustrates her at every turn and drives her deeper into despair.

The style is episodic, evanescent, sparse, shifting through a misty time that rushes past while the narrator stumbles back and forth trying to capture and fix the complex personality of the heroine. Christa T. has died when the novel begins, and the narrator searches out her identity through fragments of letters, poems, diaries, and her own subjective memories. The appearance of arbitrariness, of choosing events because they are well remembered or recorded, is illusory. It is the undercurrent of sociopolitical events, historically fixed, that Christa Wolfe focuses on, rather than day-to-day happenings. The irrelevancy of specific environment or event is both the reflection of the mood of a generation (which is why it is left generalized) and the mirror of the "total" world outside Christa T.

By pegging these "patterns of sense- and memory-data" (Lukács) to their concrete historical moments, Christa Wolfe objectifies them, gives them all the moral worth and social legitimacy of the dynamic, developmental oscillations from which they spring. It is a peculiarly East German approach, deriving, according to Jürgen Rühle, from two books: Anna Seghers's 1959 novel, *The Decision,* which dealt for the first time with the division of Germany in an unusually frank way, and Christa Wolfe's stylistically brilliant *The Divided Heavens* (1963). "These books constitute the beginnings of an individual GDR consciousness," according to Rühle.

Christa T. moves forward through the contradictions of a particular historical phase toward an interminably distant *terminus ad quem*: the socialist utopia. Clearly there is disillusionment, a malaise stemming partly from the cult of communist asceticism (vigorously condemned by Lukács), as when the narrator muses on their lives together building the new state. "To keep it going smoothly seemed worth any sacrifice, even the sacrifice achieved by self-extinction. And only today do we feel any proper surprise." Partly, too, it stems from the Stalinist subjectivism referred to earlier: Stalin's stated conviction that communism was imminent.

In place of communism there came "The vehement overplayed words, the waving banners, the deafening songs. . . . how words begin to change when they aren't being tossed out any more by belief and ineptitude and excessive zeal but by calculation, craftiness, the urge to adapt and conform." As Lukács would later express it, "The new socialist institutions . . . have to rely for a considerable period on people who, mechanically obeying its formulas, retain a bourgeois mentality."

Christa T.'s feel for the world's multisignificance is threatened by the opportunists and indifferent bystanders whom the new state has created. More and more she withdraws into a restless lassitude. She suffers the guilt of a generation of committed intellectuals appalled at the shoddiness of the régime. The revolution has turned out to be not one final act, but a series of intricate, frustrating, forward-backward movements. She cannot doubt the task, but neither can she cut through the welter of disingenuous choices. Confusion robs Christa T. of the ability to act, which in turn prevents her from distinguishing in herself the concrete from the abstract potentialities. Not knowing what she is capable of, she drifts from phase to phase—student, teacher, wife—with a craving for the reality that always eludes her, and a gnawing sense of ineptitude. The course of her life creates mere points of reference for a character whose ontological being, in Lukács's words, "displays the contradictions within society and within the individual in the context of a dialectical unity."

Christa Wolfe is a brilliant writer. *The Quest for Christa T.*, a milestone in many significant ways, points up the sad fact that the profoundly innovative being produced in East Germany, with its paradoxical exploration of social issues through the nexus of a seemingly subjectivist probing of personality, is largely unknown to American readers. It is a remarkable body of work not simply because of its unique approach nor because of the powers of a writer such as Christa Wolfe. Ultimately, ours is first of all an age of social reconstruction, and in this context new relationships between man and society, human personality and social necessity, will have to be forged and aesthetically portrayed. Christa Wolfe and her peers may assist in showing us the way.

Peter Moscoso-Góngora, associate editor of the Paris Review, is working on a novel, "The Decline and Fall of Gertrude Kitsch."

"Mr. Franklin, you seem to be gathering momentum. What are you trying to say?"

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Carter in Retrospect; Boulez on Berlioz

IT WAS IN 1926 that the Dean of Harvard College received a letter from Charles Ives endorsing an applicant for admission as "rather an exceptional boy. He has an instinctive interest in literature and especially music that is somewhat unusual." Forty-five years later Ives's prophetic evaluation found fulfillment when the "exceptional boy" named Elliott Carter was honored with a retrospective concert of his music on a mid-April night in the McMillin Theatre of Columbia University that was, to echo the endorsement, "somewhat unusual."

There may have been prior all-Carter programs in New York, but an instance does not readily come to mind. The "unusual" aspect of the one arranged by the Performers' Committee for Twentieth-Century Music was its favor to vocal music, for which Carter's fame is considerably less than for his instrumental writing. Thus the inclusion of several early *a capella* choruses and a lengthy song, framed by a recent composition for eight timpani, the masterful Piano Sonata of 1946, and the intricate Double Concerto of 1961, provided a broader perspective of Carter than may have been available on any single occasion previously.

The earliest of the vocal works was a setting of Herrick's "To Music," composed in 1937, not long after Carter's return from Parisian studies with Nadia Boulanger. It is sensitive and polyphonic, rather dense of texture in a serenely chromatic way. By the time of his setting of Emily Dickinson's "Musicians Wrestle Everywhere" (1945), the style was clearer, cleaner, in every way more transparent. A way point between was the moody evocation of Hart Crane's "Voyage," dated 1943. Not only the ensemble works, admirably performed by the Bedford Madrigal Choir under the direction of Margherita Hastings, but the song, well served by David Smith, communicated a basic musicality that illuminated the path Carter has since pursued.

In retrospect, however—and that is a useful by-product of a "Retrospective Concert"—the significant link to the future was contained not so much in the vocal line of "Voyage" as in its piano part. It projects a forceful conception of the instrument's possibilities that, as Cheryl Seltzer's realization of them indicated, would erupt into a powerful originality in Carter's 1946 Piano Sonata. Some of the sonorous preconditioning could be related to works of Bartók and Copland (the latter visible among the interested audience), Stravinsky and even Carter's benefactor, Ives himself. But they are all filtered through the Carter creativity into a two-movement sequence that, it is not too much to suggest, takes up where the Beethoven of Opus 111 (also a two-movement work) left off.

What commended it particularly was the resourcefulness with which Carter used individual ideas of contrast and balance to bring about the unity-in-diversity characteristic of the classical sonata in a new, quite his own, way. Timbre rules where key changes once reigned, and alterations of speed have a functional place that could be likened to thematic variation. Its fearsome difficulties of articulation were brilliantly resolved by Joel Sachs, a young pianist quite adjusted to the proposition that, for mid-twentieth-century music, a pianist must imagine that he has twelve fingers. The second-half performance of the by-now "classical" Double Concerto was conducted by Arthur Bloom, with Miss Seltzer at the harpsichord and Sachs at the piano. It was played, one noted appreciatively, in the presence of Sylvia Marlowe, whose commission brought it into being. The audience, both young and old, met on a common ground of esteem for the quality in Carter.

Among the composers destined to have a substantial part in the unfolding plans of Pierre Boulez for his New York Philharmonic tenure is Hector Berlioz, whose *Béatrice et Bénédict* provided a major portion of the orchestra's latest program. When Boulez had concluded his version of the sometimes-heard Overture, treated as the light, airy, almost weightless soufflé it is meant to be, it was evident that Berlioz had an ally as expert as he was enthusiastic.

Of the much-less-frequently-heard score as a whole, Boulez selected wisely to provide, between the opening Overture and the "Scherzo duettino" that brings the work to an end, enough to give a succinct sample of what Berlioz made of Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*. Without a chorus, it could hardly be more than a sample; and it could only be more than succinct if the whole evening were allotted

(*Continued on page* 58)

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See Page 13

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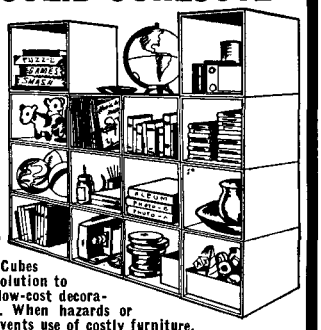

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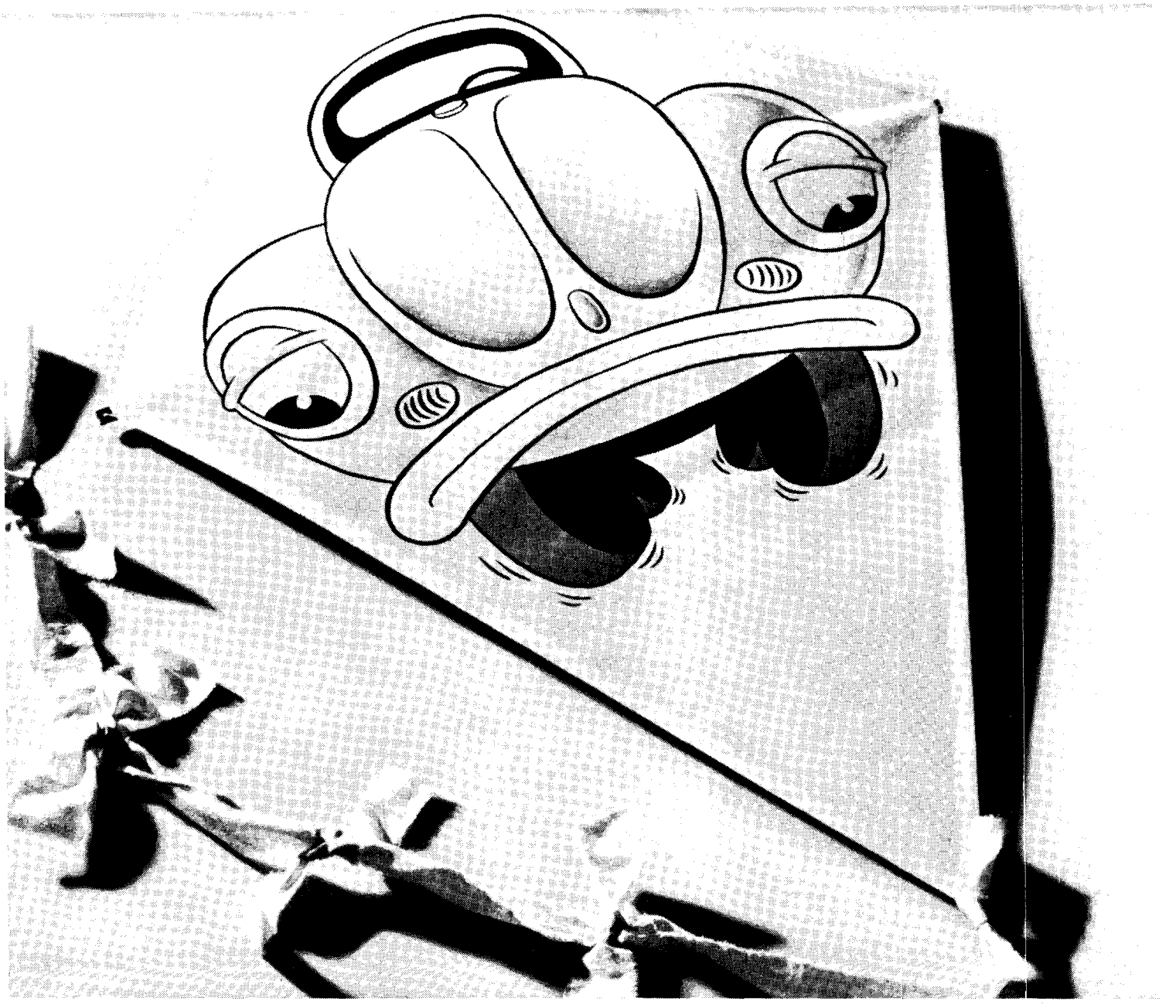

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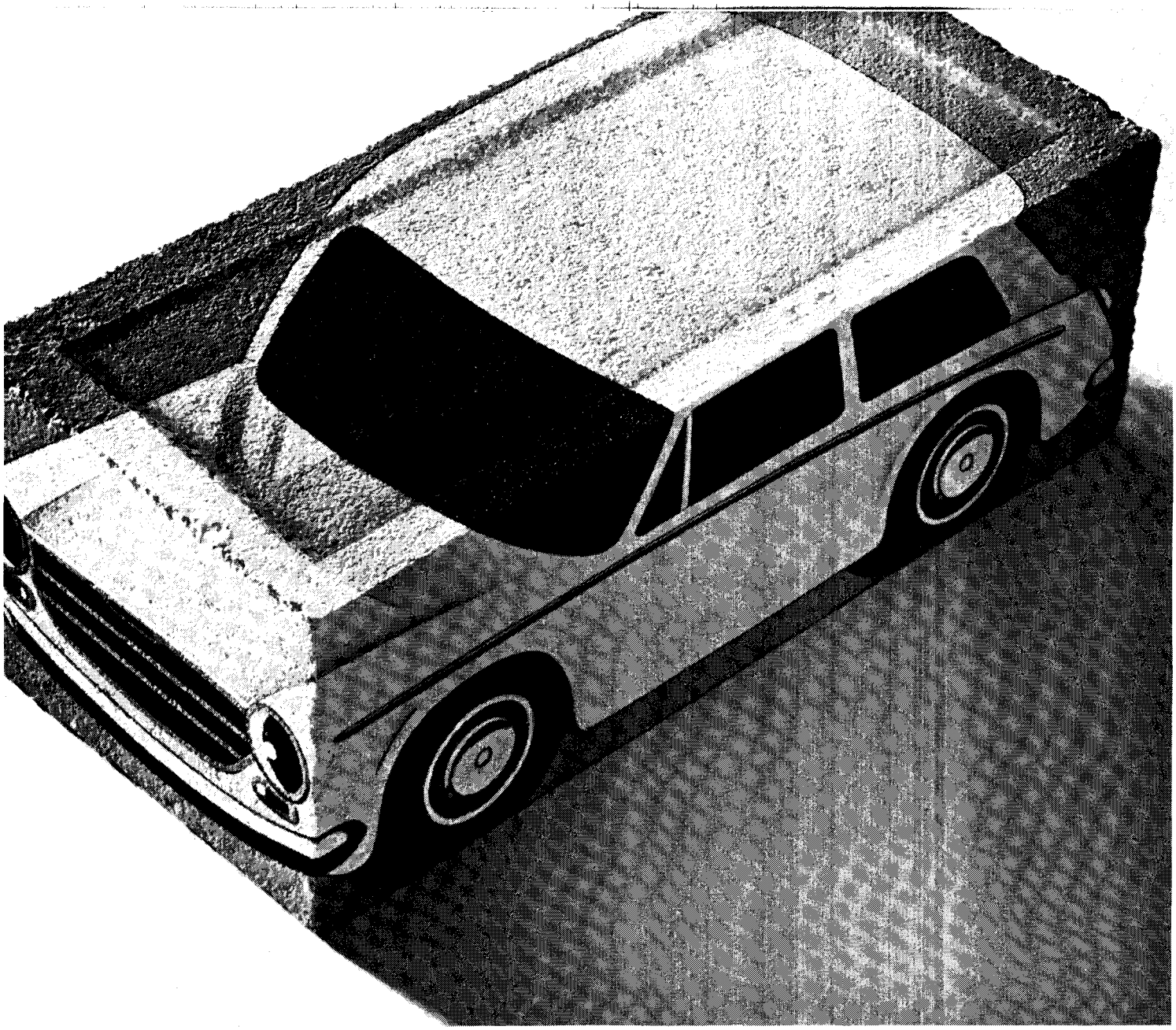

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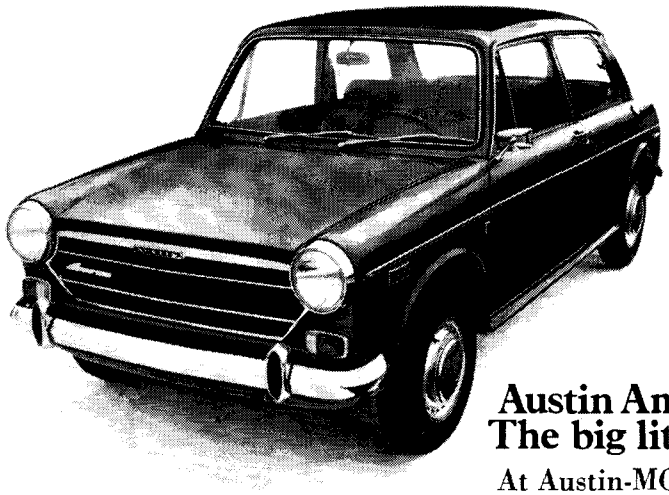

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As Others See Us

The Calley Case

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The trial and conviction of Lt. William L. Calley for his involvement in the Mylai massacre elicited even more response in the world press than it did here in the United States. Consequently, we are devoting the entire* AS OTHERS SEE US *column this month to representative coverage of the event from around the globe.*

—N.G.B.

CANADA:

ARE Lieutenant Calley and men like him guilty of war crimes, and are they alone responsible for what they did? . . . Of course, nobody expects General Westmoreland or any other American general to be held accountable for the actions of the men under his command. The standards of 1945 are not the standards of 1971, though time does not change brutal deeds. And the sorrow that this is so must be borne by the American as well as the Vietnamese people.

—The Globe and Mail, Toronto.

THIS is the precedent that is bound to have an even profounder effect than Nuremberg, and it reflects courage and integrity and a striving for values unknown to any military force in the past.

—The Montreal Star.

CALLEY is not alone in the punishment he is receiving. Lyndon Johnson paid for his Vietnam policies by being forced out of the White House. Richard Nixon faces a similar threat. America suffers—by being a divided, confused, frustrated country.

—The Ottawa Citizen.

CALLEY . . . may be a scapegoat, but he is not a hero. The applause he received on leaving the court, under guard, was surely misdirected.

—The Chronicle Herald, Halifax.

LONDON:

THE ATTEMPTS of the high command in Washington to hush up the affair strongly suggest that a callous and political attitude toward the conduct of operations had developed. The trial will not discourage men from risking their lives for their country. America's case for being in Vietnam is based on moral considerations; such a case cannot square with descending to totalitarian methods, even on the plea that Hanoi does so. To do so is to lose the war as surely as to be beaten in the field, and Mylai was indeed an American defeat, as South Vietnamese resentment very clearly showed. Whatever happens in the next stage, the demand for a reappraisal of the methods, weapons, and conduct of the war will gather strength in the United States.

* * *

THE CASE of Lieutenant Calley is the American equivalent of the Dreyfus case in France. The Calley case has torn America apart, and it will continue to do so. Lieutenant Calley is the man on whom all the passions of a frustrated army and a disillusioned civilian population have become concentrated.

Meanwhile the war in Vietnam continues. It becomes increasingly apparent that American lives can only be saved at the price of taking a still higher proportion of Vietnamese, Cambodian, and Laotian lives. And because of the fundamental decency and humanity of the American people, a growing number of them—not necessarily the most vocal today—see no way out of the Calley dilemma except by a more rapid and complete withdrawal than President Nixon is yet prepared to contemplate.

—The Times.

PARIS:

IS THE Calley massacre a monstrous exception? . . . Let us not ignore the fact that this atrocity has had too many precedents in modern warfare, particularly when subversive tactics are used. When the fighter is disguised and lives among the population as a fish in water; when harassment from elusive guerrillas brings the adversary to a state of exasperated panic, retaliation inevitably goes wild. . . . In a way, massacres such as the one at Mylai are desired by the enemy because they contribute to arousing the population against Americans. It is an additional reason, if one were needed, to condemn those who, by natural brutality or through momentary panic, are the victims of this odious plot. . . . It has been rightly said and repeated that the very fact this trial took place and was held publicly in time of war was to the credit of the American nation. There was no mention of trials for the Vietnamese who filled the wells of Hue with the cadavers of their victims: men, women, and children.

—Le Figaro.

BRUSSELS:

THOSE who respect or feel friendly toward the United States will be happy to learn that the wave of adulation and admiration for Lieutenant Calley has not left a certain number of responsible parties indifferent; they are worried about it and especially so after having seen President Nixon hurriedly intervene in favor of the convicted man. . . . Mr. Nixon, who could certainly have pardoned Calley, has chosen to disregard the whole judiciary system in order to try to appease the wave of emotion taking place in American opinion, and he is pleased that some people are indignant about it.

The letter written by prosecutor Captain Aubrey Daniel underlines the fact that one should not consider that this wave of emotion signifies that the Silent Majority approves the mass murder of babies in Vietnam. And it is evident that, had the American people been properly informed, they would not have made a hero of Calley.

—La Libre Belgique.

MADRID:

THE PROSECUTION'S Captain Daniel did not stop to think or even imagine, perhaps, that his allegations of guilt implicitly included the highest levels of command and, even worse, the war in Indochina itself. The verdict he obtained is provoking reactions from both the Right and the Left—not because anyone denies Calley's culpability but rather because those on the Right feel that such tragedies are inherent in war and those on the Left that Calley's conviction condemns the entire U.S. military intervention in Vietnam.

This is the storm that rages in the United States today about the heads of Calley, of Daniel, and finally of President Nixon, who will not find it easy to reply to Daniel's letter.

—José Maria Massip, ABC.

BUDAPEST:

CALLEY'S trial was intended to give the impression that America adheres to its loudly proclaimed lofty moral principles and settles accounts with everybody violating them. Only the self-assuredly brazen replies of the

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young infantry officer, characterized as juvenile by many people, intimated that it was a staged affair. In the final analysis, Calley's fate will not be decided by the jurors.

President Nixon's decision has dispelled the hopes of humanists concerned about American political morals and the momentary anxiety of the supporters of the war. The President has indicated on which side he stands, and this is a clear sign that official America is in the courtroom in solidarity not with the victims but with the executioners.

—*Népszava.*

MILAN:

THE ATMOSPHERE of tension aroused by the Calley trial has been "de-fused" by President Nixon's promise to review it. But this does not do away with the fundamental problems involved, above all the question of the "chain of responsibility" for the slaughter at Mylai. . . . This tragic episode has put the American people face to face with a moral dilemma and has furnished another argument to the growing majority that demands a rapid end to a conflict that has not only divided the country politically and psychologically but has deeply disturbed its conscience.

—*Corriere della Sera.*

ZURICH:

THE CASE of Lieutenant Calley could have been presented to President Nixon at a later stage of the appeal proceedings; however, it would not have been incumbent upon him to "automatically" look into the matter, since the case does not involve a death sentence or a high-ranking officer. Mr. Nixon's step is being considered a gesture in favor of Calley. One could raise the question as to whether the case has not been prejudiced. Nixon is being criticized not only by intellectuals of the West Coast, or by the long-haired Leftists, but also by Army circles—although not openly—because they are, just as the six jurors, concerned about the reputation of the Army, which requires Calley's conviction. . . . The entire situation indicates nothing good. . . . With his announcement, Nixon might have calmed "Middle America"; however, he has simultaneously angered the opponents of the war. There is, obviously, a lively spring ahead of us.

—*Neue Zürcher Zeitung.*

FRANKFURT:

WHEN the horrors of Mylai became known, many people thought that a clear distinction between combat and murder could be made in this case, where those who killed saw the whites of the eyes of their civilian victims. Now that the trial is over, one has to think again about the bombs that were dropped on women and children, and also about the enemy's fighting methods.

The problem will never be solved. The endless deliberations of the jury under a crushing burden of responsibility, and now the President's intervention, demonstrate the impossibility of coming to grips with the terrible realities of war by means of a trial.

The lieutenant's guilt has been proved. But how heavy does it weigh in the overall circumstances?

—*Frankfurter Allgemeine.*

STOCKHOLM:

THE EVIDENCE in the Calley case was so overwhelming that any verdict other than guilty would have been regarded as an effort to exonerate the Army at any price. But it is not likely that the verdict will clear the air. Instead, it gives rise to a number of new questions. How many other similar tragedies have occurred? To which extent was Lieutenant Calley, as his defense attorney claimed, a product of the system? No lesser authority than Professor Telford Taylor, chief prosecutor of the Nazi leaders, has declared that the trials in both Nuremberg and Tokyo confirm that the responsibility for war crimes committed in Sonmy and elsewhere in Indochina should be placed much higher within the military hierarchy.

—*Svenska Dagbladet.*

MALMO:

THE BLINDLY obedient military robot Calley is a victim of a system as well as a product of the same system. The verdict of Fort Benning represents an effort to convince the world that the American Army repudiates this system. To this end the lieutenant is made a scapegoat for something he in reality is only partly responsible for. It is not enough that the Army renounces this particular officer. The self-examination must go further and reach higher if it is to be recognized as true and convincing.

—*Arbetet.*

ROTTERDAM:

ACCORDING to Vice President Spiro Agnew, the war in Southeast Asia is a guerrilla operation. One cannot consider the civilians in the outlying parts of Vietnam, particularly in areas where the Vietcong rule, as innocent civilians whom one can safely trust. . . . Calley, by killing unarmed men, women, and children, has infringed upon the rules of warfare. For this he has been tried and convicted. The exception President Nixon is making in this case seems to indicate that he wants to change a just verdict, thereby threatening to influence the further development of the judicial procedure.

—*NRC-Handelsblad.*

EAST BERLIN:

A MAN was sentenced without a mention of the names of those who ordered him to commit mass murder. They remained anonymous, as intended by the Pentagon. About 100 U.S. fascists cheered when the murderer left the court building. An entire system—not one man—is responsible for the U.S. war crimes.

—*EBDSG.*

TOKYO:

IT WAS the American press that first exposed the Mylai incident, which had taken place in 1968. In those days, there were criticisms in the United States against this, from a nationalistic feeling, particularly in Army circles. The press, however, pursued the case tenaciously. It is indeed unpardonable to kill unarmed civilians with weapons, but the fact that the American press kept up this campaign of conscience is a proof in itself of the maturity of American democracy. The fact that the Army brought Lieutenant Calley to the tribunal should also be evaluated highly. . . .

In finding Calley guilty, the Americans demonstrated their conscience, and it must be a relief to them. But the number of war casualties will continue to rise, and the Americans must be aware that the war will leave a big political problem behind—the antagonism of the inhabitants.

—*Mainichi Daily News.*

DELHI:

THE South Vietnamese village of Mylai will probably go down in history with Lidice and Oradour-sur-Glane; not because other and equal horrors did not occur during World War II and in Vietnam—and may even now be occurring in East Bengal—but because of the detail with which this particular act of "reprisal" has been exposed. It appears that certain areas where Vietcong activity has been considerable are known to the U.S. forces as "free-fire zones," in which troops have authority to shoot at anything in sight.

—*The Statesman.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Kyoto Mon Amour

I DON'T KNOW how many hearts have been left in San Francisco by now, but doubtless the city of Kyoto can claim a like number. Or is it the soul, more than the heart, that is touched by Kyoto? I know I left *something* there, a while back, in the gardens and temples and tea-green countryside.

Tokyo of course takes a different toll on the human system, and after its fine madness has been ingested for several days and the jet lag from hurtling through time zones and across the International Date Line has been absorbed, you are fairly crying to get away, to see the Japan of wood-block prints and towering Buddhas. Kyoto, two hours and fifty minutes west as the *Bullet* flies, has all that. It was the imperial capital from the ninth century to 1868 and still guards most of Japan's artistic treasures, indeed the heritage itself.

Riding in either first- or second-class on the *Bullet*, you wonder if the train was made to convenience Americans more than Japanese. All announcements are delivered in both languages, the magazine racks carry *Newsweek*, and the buffet car has a bilingual menu with such specialities as Southern fried chicken and hamburger steak. In fact I don't remember seeing passengers—most of them Japanese—eating anything particularly Oriental, although I was able to get an order of rice with my beef stew. Pairs of young girls do ply the cars selling Japanese box lunches of *sushi* and rice.

Fortunately, there is nothing American about the speed and service of the *Bullet*. It hits 130 on many stretches, and because the rails are welded at such long intervals the familiar clickety-clack is absent. Instead your daydreams are accompanied by a whish . . . whish . . . whish.

The moment you step off the train in Kyoto, you know the crush of Tokyo has been left far behind. Though the city continues to spread across a wide bowl backed by mountains on three sides and the decibel level rises unchecked, Kyoto still manages to keep order and serenity. It is blessed, for one thing, with a geometrical city plan along the lines of ancient Chinese capitals, with all the streets intersecting at right angles. Or so the guidebooks claim. I found enough surprises at the end of zigzag lanes to satisfy any happy wanderer.

Kyoto, brimming with artistry, turns out the best in silks, lacquer ware, wood-block prints, pottery, fans, dolls, and toys. But its expertise with sukiyaki should not be forgotten either. In fact I could clearly remember a sukiyaki feast from a visit nineteen months before, and since it was now midday I eagerly followed a Kyoto friend, Reitaro Fujita, down a sunlit street, through a beaded curtain, and up a back stairway (pausing, of course, at the doorway to switch from street shoes into *zori* slippers). The hostess—for she is much more than a waitress—showed us into a little compartment behind sliding doors and we nestled on the floor at opposite sides of a low table. She brought the ingredients—fresh sliced onions, bamboo shoots, mushrooms, strips of red beef—filled up the sizzling electric pan, and left us to our devices, returning only now and then, in a low crouch or even a

Zen garden beside Daitoku-ji Temple—"In Japan we have a saying that we would like to grow old and die in Kyoto."

—Henri Cartier-Bresson/Magnum

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crawl, to make sure our beer glasses were filled and to douse the pan with soy sauce and salt. Otherwise, by tradition, Fujita handled the cooking. With chopsticks flying, we transferred clutches of heated food from the frying pan to private bowls of raw beaten egg to gaping mandible. We talked in bare slurps and moans until the pile of sukiyaki makings had vanished and then Fujita attacked his bowls of rice and soup with even greater gusto. "The more you like it, the more noise you make," he managed to say between gulps. Toward the end when I literally lay back exhausted against the wall, the hostess returned with bowls of bulging strawberries and fresh tea.

It was time to pay other respects, so we ventured out into a bright cool spring afternoon to see the religious, contemplative side of Kyoto. We drove to the Daigo district on the outskirts, and on the way when I remarked about the unstinting praise Kyoto receives from tourists the world over, Fujita said: "In Japan too. We have a saying that we would like to grow old and die in Kyoto."

Kyoto has so many Buddhist temples, Shinto shrines, and public gardens that even longtime residents make new discoveries on each outing. Fujita said there are close to 1,700 gardens, and when we were seated on the grass beside the Kanju-ji Temple pond, he looked around at the Japanese cedars and maples guarding the still water, the mallards panhandling visitors for food, and said: "I have never been here before. I like it very much. I must bring my wife."

Japanese gardens come in all shapes, but generally the elements are evergreen trees, rocks, and water—things that don't perish with the season. "Eternity," said Fujita, "is the idea." Dry, or Zen, gardens employ only rock and sand, often set in the simplest patterns beside ornate wooden temple buildings.

Kanju-ji Temple itself was closed and quiet and would be open for worship only in the morning and at sunset. Somewhere beyond the shield of evergreens, truck tires hummed and whined on a highway, reminding you that with every day the precious space of Japan is narrowing. So often, a tree or a wooden gate is all that separates you from some outcropping of modernity. Kyoto, thank goodness, has wisely shunned all heavy industry and continues to deal only in ancient and traditional crafts.

At the Sanboin Gardens beside the Daigo-ji Temple, we walked along stone paths that, in a week or two, would be covered with a canopy of pale pink cherry blossoms. Now with the trees barely budding, there were crowds of admiring Japanese. I could scarcely imagine the deluge later on. Most of the tourists walking the garden paths and standing around the five-tiered pagoda were older Japanese in kimonos, no doubt having arrived in tour buses from the country. Some of the women wore baggy pants and carried walking sticks, and their husbands had on crude suits. "They are farm couples," said Fujita. "They are discovering Japan just as you are. For a long time the work ethic prevented Japanese from going anywhere for pleasure. Now the tour buses are taking old people all over Japan."

Japanese students from early grammar school on have always been a traveling lot, and now throngs of them were moving into the temple's main hall. Temples and gardens are better viewed in peace and solitude, so Fujita and I, executing a series of flanking and double-back movements on the building's worn wooden walkways, finally found a quiet stoop on the edge of a rock-strewn green pond, fed by tiny bubbling falls. Gaggles of students began to trickle by, the bolder ones leaning close to pick up words of English and to offer a few in return. A Westerner is forever a curiosity in Japan even in the midst of large and heavily visited cities. It is usually the young who approach, and whether they are genuinely curious or simply inspired to mischief by egging friends, they seldom ignore you.

Kyoto, the font of all that is traditional, trains most of Japan's geisha in the ancient arts of flower arrangement, tea ceremony, and male entertainment. We stopped by a geisha training school and theater in the Ponto-cho area one morning but were informed that semester break had just come; the geisha bars were slatted up and silent, but by late afternoon or early evening the narrow streets would be padded by those walking dolls, the younger ones in severe white makeup, on their way to work. There is of course nothing dishonorable about the life of a geisha—the most risqué activity she is permitted to engage in is the earthy banter her customers regularly demand—but as Fujita-san put it: "I am not sure I would want my daughter to be one."

We were standing on the sidewalk in front of the training school when a Zen priest in blue cape and wide-brimmed straw hat came walking slowly down the center of the street chanting the sutra. I dropped some coins in an open fold in his cape, and he bowed deeply before moving on.

Later, in a steady spring rain, we went to the pottery shop of a local master named Dobuchi, who works in

(*Continued on page* 58)

"The big money boys in boxing barred Ali from boxing and then in a great act of moral courage let him back into the sport of brutes when they realized what a bundle could be made on Ali and Frazier."

Who said that on the CBS Radio Network?
See Page 13

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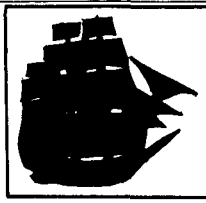

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

In Search of Evil

THE Motion Picture Academy's somewhat masochistic vote for George C. Scott as 1970's "best actor" was relevant and justified; because of the telecast, it made clear to millions who never (or almost never) go to the movies that the opportunity to see a great actor is available at the local cinema. On the other hand, Mr. Scott's repudiation of the award, well beforehand, struck me as singularly ungracious at a time when not only is his industry in distress but most of his fellow actors are unemployed. The well-known fact of the matter is that the Academy Award show is a promotion. Mr. Scott has made himself available for interviews on his movies—also a form of promotion, which translates into financial benefits. Why approve of one form, and cry foul at the other?

The award, and others with it, should give 20th Century-Fox some additional, badly needed revenues through renewed audience interest in *Patton*. Ironically, it will also give some assistance to a new Universal film, *They Might Be Giants*, in which the gifted Mr. Scott is seen as an unbalanced former judge who imagines himself to be Sherlock Holmes. The film doesn't jell. It is a fanciful mixture of the comedic and the philosophic. That latter word is a kindness, however. It probably should be pretentious, for James Goldman's screenplay, though attempting to find contemporary (and Holmesian) metaphors for good and evil, hardly gets beyond name-calling.

But there is Scott, and he is almost reason enough to see the movie. Gotten up as Holmes, in pursuit of the malevolent and ineffable Moriarty, he is brisk, tart, benign—a model paranoid, and one clever enough to foil those dastardly sane relatives who would put him away. Assigned to his case is psychiatrist Joanne Woodward, whose name happens to be Dr. Watson, and it isn't long before she is swept into and accepts his delusionary system. Together, they follow a path of clues no more sensible or ridiculous than, say, the reasoning of certain politicians, until they face that final mystery, Moriarty. If it had been kept fluffy enough and the comedy had been emphasized over the solemn meaning of it all, *They Might Be Giants* might have been more and better than it is. Anthony Harvey, the director, seems to have struggled to make the pastry rise, but it doesn't quite, and I found myself wishing that Scott would unbend and play for us the "real" Sherlock Holmes.

In *10 Rillington Place* the crime is real, or was, and the film attempts nothing more, nor less, than a grimly accurate account of the Christie murders, a British case that resulted in the hanging of two men, one innocent and one guilty. John Reginald Christie was an ex-policeman who was convicted of murdering his wife and who, during his trial, confessed to the murder of and sexual assault upon (presumably in that order) six more women. The bodies were found in odd corners and behind the walls of his apartment on Rillington Place. Hardly a film for the squeamish, and yet it has a grisly fascination. For one thing, the direction by Richard Fleischer avoids excessive sensationalizing. For another, the performances are impeccable.

Richard Attenborough has the task of making a loathsome character interesting, if not sympathetic, and somehow he does it, giving him pathological definition. The monster he plays wears spectacles, is bald and unprepossessing; we pass him in the street every day. Fully as good is John Hurt as the young man railroaded to the hangman, with much of the damaging evidence supplied by Christie. It adds up to a shuddery crime film vastly superior to the general run.

"That's it—more tintinnabulation!"

It was only to be expected that, after the kudos heaped upon *My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee*, earlier films by Eric Rohmer would receive their American release. *La Collectionneuse*, the third of a group of Rohmer's planned "Six Moral Tales," was made before *My Night at Maud's*, but is placed after it in his own listing. To be blunt, *La Collectionneuse* is disappointing. It has the Rohmer earmarks: talk about morality, amoral behavior, pleasant settings (St. Tropez, and a nearby villa), and people involved in doing little or nothing. The thread of a story has to do with a pretty, vacant girl given to fly-by-night or -by-day affairs. She "collects" men. Or so a young man assumes. Actually, he's not sure whether he wants to collect *her*. The film is static and rather clumsy in its editing, and is probably important only to Rohmer's filmographers.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Love Danced In

LOVE COMES pouring over the footlights when Germany's Stuttgart Ballet performs. I know of no other dance company in the world distinguished by this special quality, for, in addition to superb technique, stunning productions, the theatrical genius of John Cranko (the troupe's director), and the radiance of its prima ballerina, Marcia Haydée, the company itself communicates love. The feeling comes across that they love one another, that they love what they are doing, and that they love us, the onlookers. Yet, they don't let us feel we are onlookers but, rather, participants in a love affair. Indeed, the Stuttgart Ballet, enormously theatrical and brilliant in its virtuosities, is a *now* ballet, a youth ballet with love as its special force.

This balletic love affair began two years ago when the Stuttgart Ballet, almost unknown to American balletomanes, made its U.S. debut and captivated us all. Now, the company is back for a six-week season at the Metropolitan Opera House (with a reprise at the Met slated for later in the summer after a touring stint).

The opening night program was Cranko's full-length *Eugene Onegin*, the three-act ballet that had launched the company in 1969. And how Cranko tells a story in dance! He is a theater man through and through, as was his illustrious predecessor of two centuries ago in Stuttgart, Jean-Georges Noverre, whose revolutionary esthetics carried the ballet away from mere steps to *ballet d'action*—that is to say, to dramatic ballet, to movements with dramatic meanings.

Cranko's *Onegin* has its virtuosic steppings—the cross-stage leaps by the company at the close of Act I, Scene 1, or the great pinwheel pattern in the ballroom scene—but of equal importance are the acted, not danced, duel and death scene that takes place way at the back of the stage (the late Doris Humphrey, among the great choreographers of our age, once stated that tragedy worked best in upstage remoteness and that comedy was for downstage familiarity), the finale in which the heroine stands alone center stage, and the remarkable mirror dance that combines acting and dancing as Tatiana literally draws her dream-lover from the image in her mind and has him step from behind her own reflection in the mirror and into her arms.

The music, of course, is by Tchaikovsky, although it is not the score of the opera but, rather, a ballet score arranged by Kurt-Heinz Stolze from Tchaikovsky themes. The scenery and costumes by Jürgen Rose are almost operatic in scale yet with an intimacy suitable to the needs of taut drama. The lighting by Gilbert V. Hemsley, Jr., pinpoints and illumines the dramatic cameos and reveals those great sweeps of space in which dancers live.

At the premiere, Marcia Haydée was Tatiana, a role identified with her very special artistry as both an actress and a dancer, and Heinz Clauss was Onegin, stern, strong, remote yet romantic. In a subsequent report, I shall be telling of other casts in *Eugene Onegin* and, of course, productions new to the American dance scene.

Les Grands Ballets Canadiens has had an enormous success in Canada with its choreographed rock opera, *Tommy*, to music of The Who. So it was brought to Broadway (the City Center) for an engagement. Despite some lively dance passages and stunning sets by David Jenkins, the whole affair is on the dreary side, and this is due to the choreography of Fernand Nault. Mr. Nault's difficulty was in finding the right movements for the central character who was left, after a traumatic childhood experience, with only the sense of touch. Nault had him wander around as if he were devoid of *all* senses and not quite bright to boot. Bluntly, Tommy looked like a stupid jerk. Yet, Nault could have found a way to exploit the sense of touch. Ruth St. Denis did it in her "Dance of the Senses" from *Radha* and won the rhapsodic praise of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, critic and poet; Charles Weidman did it with his portrait of the blind grandmother in *On My Mother's Side*; Pauline Koner did it with *The Shining Dark*, based on the life of Helen Keller. So it can be done. Nault's and The Who's *Tommy* was noisy musically and superficial choreographically.

The curtain-raiser was *Hip and Straight* (to music of Paul Duplessis), also choreographed by Nault, in which jazz dancing was pitted against classical ballet. The ballet part, unimaginatively conceived, lost, but the jazz part lost also. Looking at Nault's notion of jazz, I thought this is where Jack Cole, Anna Austin, and Florence Lessing started out at the old Rainbow Room in 1939. Cole, of course, then and now, is the jazz dance master.

Eliot Feld's American Ballet Company returned to its home theater, the Brooklyn Academy of Music, April 20, and started off a repertory season with a new Feld work, *Romance*, set to piano pieces of Brahms. It is cast in that form of piano-music-plus-ballet staging which includes George Balanchine's *Liebeslieder Walzer* (Brahms) and Jerome Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering* (Chopin), unequaled masterpieces in this genre. The format is tempting for Feld and others, but *Romance* does not prove worthy of the temptation. It is wispy, oddly inconclusive in its relating of sound to action in terms of phrasing, and, sadly, a yawn-maker. But the company itself is dancing with exuberance and authority. More of that, and other novelties, later.

—Hannes Kilian, Stuttgart

The corps de ballet in "Eugene Onegin" with its "virtuosic steppings."

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Willie Mays

Continued from page 17

tion of independent thought with suspicion. In this monopolistic business where athletes are chattel, the image of the well-dressed, well-groomed, politically benign player is regarded as a matter of importance. The injunction to regard ballplayers as interesting human beings is therefore self-defeating: What they do in their moments off the field is the same sort of thing that might interest any ordinary man whose means outrun his imagination. They play cards, watch television, go hunting, and discuss their sexual exploits.

At the Francisco Grande one night, the Giant management showed a film of the team's 1970 season to a crowd of balding boosters and their wives, people who spend much of their time in VIP lounges and not in the bleachers. On the screen there was flash and glamour—Gaylord Perry winning twenty-three games; Marichal striking out the side; Willie McCovey, described by the film narrator as the most feared hitter in baseball, lining one over the fence in right while the crowd cheered and the background orchestra played a few measures of Beethoven. Just outside the room where the film was shown, Marichal and McCovey, in sports shirts and slacks, were watching a John Wayne film on television while Perry was beginning the sixth hour of a card game that had been in progress since early afternoon—ordinary men attempting to fill tedious moments in lonely cities.

You leave your ambivalence at the gate. It does not matter what kind of person Willie Mays "really" is, nor does the question mean very much. He is what he does, a ballplayer and then something more, a man who has—like most highly talented performers in other fields—transcended his trade. In the locker room he is one of the boys, needling other players, denying any knowledge about who might have placed Tito Fuentes's missing socks into his locker, tossing a football down the aisle, lending a couple of bats to Bobby Bonds, discussing his golf scores. And beyond the locker room there are endless theories, each of them fit for a moment: that he has dollar signs in his eyes, that he is supremely generous ("There was this sick kid in the hospital . . ."), that he is interested in nothing but baseball and women, that he will play two more years and then become the first black manager in baseball, that he expects too much of other players to manage a club. . . .

Mays never has been even remotely political, and if you ask him what he has done for the cause of racial justice —where he has marched or what organizations he supports—he will tell you (if he answers at all) that he does things his own way, without publicity and without making himself a politically marked man. Long ago his ebullience earned him the nickname Say Hey (which by contemporary sensibilities, might suggest something just this side of "boy"), but in recent years he has become more cautious, a man who seems to have learned that everything has its price and that he himself (as the highest paid player in the game, as an endorser of bats, automobiles, clothes, and cosmetics) is a highly valuable piece of property.

But none of that matters. The "contribution" is more subtle and profound, a contribution of style. Mays has become a sports hero by doing things his own way, and if few other athletes can do that, it is all the more a tribute to his skill. One morning in Phoenix, at Charlie Fox's request, he took a group of young outfielders to a corner of the ball park to work on some of the finer points. Although Mays always has been comfortable with kids, it is not something he does very often, and it turned into an extended disquisition on style. (All of them were black, which may have added to the urgency, however subtle, of the message.) "You don't play it by the book," he said. "You play it opposite; you come up with the ball on the side you're going to throw. . . ." (Going through the motions now, picking up a ball from the grass, always moving, the bare hand sweeping the ball out of the glove, the arm cocking. . . .) "Don't get directly in front of it; if you want to make money, get the ball on the side; if you get in front of it you're playing it safe. You have to move everything, your arm, your legs, your body, keep it all moving; you're like a ballet dancer out there; don't short-arm it, don't be afraid to let it go, and don't ever figure the ball's going to get by you."

One of them asked a question about a play last year in which the crowd in San Francisco hooted its disapproval. "Don't worry about the fans, fuck the fans. They don't know anything about what you're trying to do." They all watch him again, the legs moving, the glove, the hand, the arm, the whole dance that we have seen a thousand times on the field performed in slow motion. (You can remember it all, hear the announcers, the crowd, see the fielder going back, back to a forgotten fence, taking the ball with his back to the plate, driving his spikes against the wall, putting his shoulder against it, throwing on a line toward the infield if there are runners on base, or if there are none heaving it underhand, nonchalantly, and walking back to retrieve his cap where it had fallen during the chase.) "I've studied the game," he is saying to them now, trying to explain his imposition on them, "but nobody ever showed me. My father started me, but nobody showed me." Later in the day I will see one of them, George Foster, carrying a baseball through the lobby of the motel, practicing the two-fingered, across-the-seams grip that Mays had explained that morning.

Mays was nineteen when the Giants bought his contract from the Birmingham Barons, a Negro team, and brought him up to the white man's big game. He played one season of minor league ball at Trenton and part of another at Minneapolis before arriving at the Polo Grounds. Harry Truman was President, Joe DiMaggio was still playing for the Yankees, and the presence of Negro players in the major leagues was, on the one hand, a matter of caution (whom would they room with? how would they travel? could they take the pressure?) and, on the other, an occasion for liberal self-congratulation.

Every black player, therefore, was something of a secret agent; a man had to express himself on the field and nowhere else. Mays arrived in New York in the same year that Mantle started his career with the Yankees, and comparisons were therefore inevitable: who was the better hitter? who was faster? who could hit more home runs? Mantle was, in every respect, the hero of tradition—a big, strong, attractive kid from a small town in Oklahoma, the kind of player about whom they write books for boys. But what was Mays? The myth had no place for him; all it offered was the possibility of limited integration—the hope that he might become one of the boys, might be good, and might be liked. The one chance of transcending those limitations was style itself, and the style became like a signature.

If you want to make money, don't play it safe. He runs out every hit, the legs flowing, long smooth strides, the feet slightly pigeon-toed (Dr. Spock says somewhere that pigeon-toed babies are more likely than others to be athletes), making the turn at first as if he might go for two—the convincing performance—making the fielder throw, making him think, and adding a beat to a play that might otherwise be routine. At such moments you feel the possibilities, the suspended tremor, the delicacy of time in the balance. Time is of the essence: The difference between a single and a double is a fraction of a second and a cloud of dust; the difference between an infield

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"The contribution is one of style; he has become a hero by doing things his own way..."

out and a single is the blink of an umpire's eye.

When Mays first came up, he said a great deal about learning from Joe DiMaggio—the ritual probably demanded it, especially of an athlete playing in New York at the time—but he owed more to talent than to any coach or player. In Arizona this spring, Leo Durocher, who managed the Giants in Mays's first season, observed that he didn't teach Mays anything: "He could do it all." The ability, Durocher said, pointing a bat at the heavens, came from *there*. But the triumph exceeded competence. Just at the moment when everything in America was going corporate, when the old idols of Americanism were entering their declining years, and when baseball itself seemed to be dulled by tepid professionalism, he appeared to us as the new romantic individualist, a man of the ritual, but a man who also enriched it. He brought jazz to the game.

In the decade that followed there would be others, Henry Aaron of the Braves, Bob Gibson of the Cardinals, Ernie Banks of the Cubs—all of them suffering the misfortune of having to play outside the New York limelight—but Mays was the symbol. He expressed on the field what James Baldwin and others would later try to say in words: If you would retrieve your humanity from the fear of death, the fear of defeat, the fear of vulnerability, you need us as much as we need you, need to learn something again about joy and suffering, about risk, and about those possibilities of uninhibited expression without which neither life nor art can survive. "Something very sinister happens to the people of a country," Baldwin wrote, "when they distrust their own reactions as deeply as they do here, and become as joyless as they have become."

The tragedy lies in our own limitations. We loved the player but failed too often to appreciate the message, did not understand the significance of the play. We missed the lesson of improvisation—"all human effort beyond the lowest level of the struggle for animal existence," wrote Albert Murray, "is motivated by the need to live in style"—and thus Mays may himself become a transitory kind of figure. There will never be—not for many years, at any rate—a black Babe Ruth or a black Charles Lindbergh, men who can lead the celebration of national achievement, because our racism still runs too deep and because—in any case—we have outgrown our hope and innocence. At the very moment when Mays became the greatest player in baseball the game was diminished; even as he enriched it, and thereby promised to enrich us all, it lost its symbolic pre-eminence, ceased to be the intimate common possession it once had been, and became just another big-time sport. Black players now dominate professional sports—basketball, football, and baseball—but we switch channels too fast to permit them to become our own; after this game there will be another, and another, people jumping, tackling, blocking, running, throwing, catching. Everything is taken with a touch of detachment—a little "sophistication"; we are here and they are out there, and we thus create barriers against fantasy and destroy the ability to identify without equivocation. Every black kid may understand, but the rest of us have reservations.

The game, of course, goes on, but the possibility that we will ever again have common, integrating heroes seems more remote than ever. The people we admire now are, almost without exception, symbols of particularism—baseball stars, football stars, track stars, heroes of the black, heroes of the young, heroes of division: Muhammad Ali, César Chavez, John Lennon, the Berrigans, people of style and distinction in an age that lacks the rituals and values of community. We failed in the great effort to syntheticize a national adventure in the space program because it required (for technical and political reasons) a group of courageous, proficient, but totally indistinguishable individuals, men with nearly identical profiles, styles, and personalities. They took risks, too, but the risk was in trusting someone else's technology, in betting on the competence of thousands of anonymous technicians on the ground. They could not possibly transcend their medium or play it opposite from the book, and no one will ever turn to his neighbor in front of the television set and say "Conrad? [Or Cooper or Glenn or Schirra or Shepard?] Conrad? He *stinks*." No one will ever stand on the sidelines pointing at the heavens to explain where they got their phenomenal talents.

Perhaps it was appropriate that I saw Mays at close range in that Arizona setting of retired cardiac cases, development houses, and plastic. On the field the dream was preserved—if you play ball you must continue to believe in the permanence of the ritual—but in the surroundings something had gone sour. The world was threatening to come through the turnstiles in pursuit of the fans, and not even the reveries that flourish in the sunshine seemed quite secure anymore. Every day the old people came to the field to sit in the warm sun, watch practice, and collect autographs, but even the autograph collecting was indiscriminate. Anything in uniform would do, and when they saw a face they remembered from television—the face of an actor or an announcer—they asked for his autograph, too. Only the kids knew better; they wanted Mays and Marichal and McCovey. (One elderly man got Mays's signature on a ball, but didn't recognize the face or the number, and couldn't read the writing: "I just got number 24," he said to his friend, "do you know who he is?") Here in the sunshine of the Southwest, the dream was coming to an end and people were gathering its remains like squirrels before the winter.

—Black Star

But what the head observes the heart resists. We are still in the presence of a beautiful mystery; style always defies time, and all the sociology in the world isn't worth a moment of poetry. In the hotel the old players and the coaches tell stories about athletes and games most of us have long forgotten or never knew, and on the field young men create the fantasies out of which new stories may someday be told. It is a good time to be forty—old enough to remember and young enough to believe—a good time to sit in the sun with someone you love. If the ritual is no longer for everyone, one can only regret what others are missing. For me the game goes on; Willie Mays is still playing.

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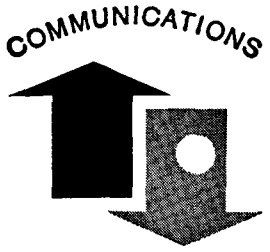

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RICHARD L. TOBIN

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The Right to Protect a News Source

At the recent annual meeting in Washington of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, everyone was talking about the urgent need for a national law to protect reporters from court procedures that try to force them to disclose their sources of news. While laws designed to shield newsmen against court action are nothing new, the ASNE's Freedom of Information Committee has worked overtime in the past few months to prepare a report supporting the necessity of a federal law to protect reporters from fines, imprisonment, and suppressive subpoenas. This report was the highlight of the 1971 assembly.

The editors' committee finds that the subpoena is the most frequently used weapon against press freedom. Its use in recent months has reached epidemic proportions, culminating in the blackout of reportage of the U.S. military excursion into and out of Laos. The ASNE report goes on: "Lazy law-enforcement types used the subpoena this past year to try to force the press to do their investigating. Embittered legal types used subpoenas to harass the press. Some cynical government officials used the subpoena in trying to force the press to act as lawmen."

Seventeen states now have laws to shield newsmen against court action involving disclosure of news sources. The ASNE gives Attorney General John Mitchell credit for "issuing guidelines to curb the use of subpoenas by the federal authorities," and all agree with him that only a national law combined with expanding state safeguards will provide the ultimate protection newsmen must have in order to do their job adequately. Everyone in Washington also agreed, however, with the committee's statement that "never has the subpoena been used as viciously, as irresponsibly, and as often against freedom of the press as it has this past year."

Newspaper reporters and editors have had their troubles getting information and maintaining the privacy of their news sources, but they are in nowhere near as difficult a position as reporters and editors in radio and television these days, and not just because of the rampant subpoena. Scotty Reston commented in *The New York Times* the other day: "While the newspapers usually have the protection of the freedom of the press amendment to the Constitution in the courts, the networks and their affiliated stations are licensed by the government, which has the power to impose its notion of 'fair reporting' by threatening to withdraw a station's license." The Columbia Broadcasting System's splendid recent program on the Defense Department's propaganda apparatus (*The Selling of the Pentagon*) is a case in point. The investigations subcommittee of the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee has subpoenaed CBS to produce all of its notes, records of disbursements of money, and the unused film on the Pentagon program for open public inquiry. If this happened to a big American newspaper anywhere anytime, the howls and screams would be heard to heaven and back.

As every newspaperman knows but won't always admit out loud, protection of a source of news can be used as an excuse or a crutch or, worse, to rationalize a point neither necessarily true nor useful to the general public. Many a newspaper publisher has picked up a telephone and called his city desk with instructions to look into this or that, which, translated through tone of voice, usually means get the story no matter what the hard facts are. This isn't done as much as it used

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to be back in the days when newspapers had competition only from themselves. William Randolph Hearst was by no means averse to taking a stand on something, then rationalizing it in print and devil take the hindmost. The Chicago *Tribune* used this method for years. Mr. Hearst and the *Tribune* couldn't get away with it today because the facts would immediately be checked not only by print competitors but by radio and television, which are, according to the latest survey, the public's most believable news mass media,

with the daily paper a poor second. The mere fact that literally scores of radio stations in this country broadcast nothing but news programs from morning to night tells us how far the newspaper has receded from its once pre-eminent position as basic communicator.

All the same, despite an occasional racket, such as the hiding behind the shield of news source immunity by an amoral journalist, the ASNE's drive for a federal law to protect reporters from court procedures trying to force them to disclose their sources of news does make some sense professionally. For if every legitimate source of information knew that he or his journalist friend might be hauled into court for questioning, or even jailing, not many headlines would be written or broadcast except for cut and dried events covered in routine fashion, and the traditional investigative role of the press would fade forever. —R.L.T.

Reality, Not Rhetoric

"I do not believe in the abolition of free inquiry, or that the ideas represented by 'freedom of thought,' 'freedom of speech,' 'freedom of press,' and 'free assembly' are just rhetorical myths. I believe rather that they are among the most valuable realities that men have gained, and that if they are destroyed men will again fight to have them." —THOMAS WOLFE.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Providing Readers with a Choice

JOHN TEBBEL'S attack on "The Old New Journalism" [*SR*, Mar. 13] sets up a false dichotomy between objectivity and subjectivity. As a historian, Tebbel should give credit to Paine, Sam Adams, and other "propagandists," not call them "irresponsible." The partisan press days, instead of being "dark ages," provided Americans with a choice. Today's journalism is not a repeat of those days, but a fight by activist journalists against business-oriented publishers. That's why frustrated Chicago journalists started the *Chicago Journalism Review*—to print stories they couldn't get in their own newspapers. That's why the "Young Turk" rebellion is now taking place on the San Francisco *Chronicle*. The real dichotomy today is between the underground and the Establishment press. If objectivity is at the barricades, it's because publishers and editors won't allow interpretative reporting—such as that taught by Curtis MacDougall at Northwestern for thirty years. Depth and insight in newspapers (as exhibited currently by the *Bay Guardian* and *Pacific Sun* in the San Francisco area) would woo back readers and respect.

DR. JERROLD L. WERTHIMER,
Professor of Journalism,
San Francisco State College,
San Francisco, Calif.

I FOUND Mr. Tebbel's concerns to be well founded. While a good newspaper should have a social conscience and should lead and goad to a certain extent, its leaders and employees dare not put that goal ahead of reporting the news fairly, factually, accurately, and with balance. In other words, the mirror function is more vital than the "Big Daddy" function. I am calling this article to the attention of several of my colleagues.

HARRY HEATH,
Director,
School of Journalism and Broadcasting,
Oklahoma State University,
Stillwater, Okla.

AS A COLLEGE JOURNALIST dedicated to the "old journalism," I feel compelled to reply to the letters from my fellow college journalists in *SR*'s last Communications section.

First, it should be noted that there exists another type of college journalism in addition to the "new" journalism and the amateurish, extracurricular-activity, bulletin-board type of journalism, a point neglected in both Mr. Tebbel's article and the letters you have published. There do exist college newspapers and college journalists dedicated to writing the news "fearlessly and without favor" and who approach their work without significant political bias.

Jeffrey M. Laderman is totally off base when he asserts that "there cannot be any objectivity." Such a categorical statement misses the point entirely. It is true that there cannot exist perfect objectivity, and that no reporter can deal with any subject from a perfectly objective point of view, but it is mandatory that the newsman be, as he says, fair to all parties and accurate in his facts. Perhaps objectivity is a bad word, for it is an unattainable ideal, but there is no excuse for a newsman's not being as truthful as is humanly possible, or for using the news columns of a newspaper for partisan political purposes. In its news columns a newspaper is a medium of information, with a duty to present the facts as accurately and completely as possible, allowing the reader to make his own decisions about the event reported on. Mr. Laderman is right in charging the Establishment press with inherent biases, but that merely indicates that the failure of the Establishment press has been as great as that of portions of the college press.

Perhaps mine is an extreme point of view as well, but it seems to me that the cynic makes the best journalist. Perhaps only by distrusting everything and believing in nothing can anything approaching the truth be arrived at.

TODD ENGDAHL,
Publisher,
Claremont Collegian,
Claremont University Center,
Claremont, Calif.

Linum Usitatissimum Newsweekiae

BOTANICALLY inclined readers undoubtedly noticed the flowers on *Newsweek*'s marijuana plant [*SR*'s Nineteenth Annual Advertising Awards, *SR*, Apr. 10]. The flowering branch to the right belongs to *Linum usitatissimum* (flax), not to *Cannabis sativa* (marijuana), as the ad implies. If a policeman arrests you for growing flax in your backyard, you can thank *Newsweek*!

DAVID MALLOCH, PH.D.,
University of Toronto,
Toronto, Canada

Important Statement

R.L.T.'s statement on "Cigarette Advertising and Federal Law" [*SR*, Mar. 13] is very important. The First Amendment is more important than the health hazard of cigarette smoking. Yes, there is a case for the proposition that the government should not be able to censor cigarette advertising, but there may be a compromise. There is no reason why the government should subsidize cigarette advertising. (Or subsidize the drinking of liquor, either.) The government, through its post office, provides special mailing rates for periodicals. What could be easier than to deny special postal privileges to periodicals that carry cigarette or liquor advertisements?

ALBERT P. BLAUSTEIN,
Professor of Law,
Rutgers University,
Camden, N.J.

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West Germany's Adversary Press

by M. L. STEIN

BONN.

Journalism is alive and kicking in this sedate capital. The kicks often are directed at the government, which appears to accept the notion that the democratic process includes an adversary relationship between it and the press. But even if it didn't, the German newsmen covering this city would assume the role of gadfly, not as a privilege but as a right. "The journalist here is freer than anywhere else in Europe," a veteran foreign correspondent recently told me.

An example of this freedom is in the news conferences with government officers in the plush Presse Haus in the midst of this city's complex of modernistic official buildings. Unlike the Washington system, the conferences here are organized and run by the reporters, who appoint one of their members to handle the questions from the floor. He, not the news source, picks the questioner; in this way, hostile correspondents cannot be bypassed by the news source. The German journalists shoot tough queries and voice their displeasure at evasive replies. At a recent conference, an administration member gave a rambling, non-responsive answer to a reporter's question. The press corps's moderator, Fredrich Nowottny, a prominent television newsman, turned to the official and said: "That was more a political speech than an answer to my colleague's question."

Press conferences are held two or three times a week, with the chief government spokesman usually being State Secretary Conrad Ahlers, Chancellor Willy Brandt's top information officer. Mr. Ahlers, articulate and handsome, knows what it means to be on the other side of the press table. In 1962, he was a key figure in the *Spiegel* affair when, as editor of the news magazine, he and its publisher, Rudolf Augstein, were arrested on treason charges for an Ahlers-written story that criticized the capability of the armed forces to meet a Communist attack. The accusation did not stand up, and Defense Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who had ordered the arrests, was forced to resign as a wave of indignation swept the country.

The incident is still etched clearly in the memory of German journalists, who jealously guard their freedom and independence against any kind of government encroachment. Even Ahlers's martyrdom in the *Spiegel* case does not save him from attack by newsmen when they think he is throwing his weight around too much. In one instance, they protested to Ahlers after he had mildly scolded an Associated Press reporter for a line of questioning at a press conference. Earlier, Ahlers had drawn the reporters' ire when he charged the newspapers owned by press lord Axel Springer with slanting political news. Correspondents opposed to Springer's right-wing policies and his domination of West Germany's newspaper market were as vociferous in their condemnation of Ahlers as were their pro-Springer colleagues. The issue was not Springer but the threat of government interference with a free press.

Some 400 German correspondents cover the capital. Most of them belong to the Federal Press Conference, a professional organization whose main function is to arrange news conferences with Ahlers and other government ministers, who are considered "guests" of the union. The approximately 200 foreign correspondents here have formed their own organization, *Union of the Foreign Press*, and are entitled to attend the federal press conferences, which an American correspondent described as "no-holds-barred affairs."

"The German reporters," he continued, "are a thoroughly independent bunch, and the government men who face them had better be prepared."

To ensure their preparation, it is not uncommon for reporters to telephone a minister or the Federal Press Office the night before a conference to warn them to expect tough questions on a particular issue. A German reporter told me: "In West Germany, the press is the opposition."

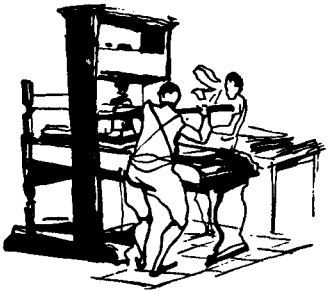
The same ground rules apply to news conferences with Chancellor Brandt, although these meetings occur much less frequently than those with Ahlers and cabinet ministers.

Between press conferences, journalists enjoy access to just about everyone in government. Informal interviews with Ahlers and other government spokesmen can be arranged by a telephone call. Brandt, a onetime journalist, sees individual reporters fairly frequently. This is a far cry from the situation in other European capitals, notably London, where correspondents operate under tight restrictions. Former Prime Minister Harold Wilson once admonished an enterprising London *Times* reporter for probing too deeply into ministerial affairs, telling him that government must remain "a sacred mystery."

The Federal Press Office here unveils much of the mystery through a flood of handouts and background material. The office, which has nearly 700 employees, has an annual budget of $30-million that it dispenses lavishly in serving the press and the public, which it also contacts directly. The Bundestag has its own information apparatus, including a well-staffed office of editors and writers. Sessions of the Bundestag not only are open to reporters but are also televised. Legislative committee meetings are usually barred to journalists, but the press department of the Bundestag covers them all and prepares releases for newsmen, including ten East German correspondents stationed here. East Germany permits no West German reporters in East Berlin.

All this accessibility and cooperation in news gathering is considered by some observers as too much of a good thing. An experienced German correspondent admitted, "There is so much available here that it discourages enterprise. Sometimes it makes us lazy when we should be working harder to get behind the handouts." An American reporter praised the German journalists for their intellectual grasp of politics but complained that "they don't investigate in a hard way." Despite these misgivings, however, it seems unlikely that a major scandal would go undetected here in view of the massive coverage and the number of newsmen who represent opposition newspapers throughout West Germany. Many newsmen and government officials feel that journalism here suffers from the fact that the city has no important newspaper to fully reflect events. "What this town needs," an American correspondent said, "is a Washington *Post* or a *New York Times*." One of the most influential newspapers here is *Die Zeit*, a liberal, politically oriented weekly published in Hamburg.

The reasons a free press flourishes



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here are varied. For one thing, the Federal Republic of Germany has endured for twenty-one years, during which time it has fostered a democratic climate. The republic's constitution states:

"Everyone has the right to express his opinion freely in word, writing, or picture and to circulate it and obtain information untrammeled from generally accessible sources. Freedom of the press and freedom of reporting by radio and film are guaranteed. There shall be no censorship."

Further, a federal "right of information" law obliges authorities to pass on to the media "matters of special public interest." A journalist can take a public official to court to obtain the information he wants. Other guarantees include an editor's right to withhold the names of his sources and the right of a newspaper or magazine to manage its own internal affairs. The press is free to reject or accept any advertising, and newspapers have used this prerogative to turn away ads that might compromise their editorial principles. A number of papers have declined political advertisements from parties of the extreme left or right. The laws also embrace some media responsibilities; one of these causes editors to shudder at the thought of its being invoked. This statute says that a person or institution must be given space to reply to any attack or criticism *regardless* of whether the charges are true or not. To the immense relief of newspaper managements, the privilege seldom has been used.

Such liberal press laws did not come about solely as a reaction to Nazi suppression and control of the media. Today's West German press is partly in the tradition of the free and lively newspapers of the Weimar Republic in pre-Hitler days. Indeed, the press was so free during that period that some historians believe it may have contributed to the downfall of that government through its continual attacks on the republic's leaders and policies. One big difference now is that only about 10 per cent of West Germany's newspapers have party affiliations contrasted with the Weimar years when most papers were political organs. Many today, however, have political leanings.

Credit for the present state of press freedom must also go to the American and British occupation forces in Germany after World War II. Until 1949, the only way a German could start a newspaper or work for one was by permission of the Allied authorities. Of the approximately 150 postwar newspapers licensed in Germany, 137 were in the Western zones. The licensing had one major aim: to screen out Nazis. To publish a newspaper in those days, an applicant had to have "10,000 marks and a clean shirt," the latter meaning that he be without any Nazi taint. The Allied effort was largely successful, and many persons in Germany today feel that the licensing system had much to do with the creation of a strong free press anchored in a democratic society. That period saw the emergence of such newspapers as the liberal *Frankfurter Rundschau* and Hamburg's *Die Welt*, a Springer paper that is rated as one of the three best dailies in Germany. The other two are the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, the successor to the famed *Frankfurter Zeitung*, suppressed by Hitler, and the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* in Munich. All three are national papers. Alex Springer was one of those granted a license, and he started the publishing empire that now controls nearly 40 per cent of the newspaper market.

Another factor in the democratic rebirth of the German press is the caliber of the reporters and editors who came later. For the most part, they were young, idealistic, and well-educated. Today, a large number of newspaper staff members hold doctorates in political science and other disciplines from leading universities. An estimated forty-five editorial employees of the *Süddeutsche Zeitung* alone hold Ph.D.s. These men and women are generally independent-thinking individuals who assert themselves both inside and out of the newsroom. The German Journalists Union has hammered out agreements with publishers that spell out the reporter's right to refuse to write anything contrary to his convictions. Even the prestigious *Frankfurter Allgemeine* has felt the winds of change. Last year 100 editors and reporters from the paper's bureaus throughout Germany and abroad demanded a stronger voice in editorial policy. The revolution also has swept the magazines *Stern* and *Der Spiegel*. The latter gives staffers not only a voice but also 50 per cent of the ownership and profits. Salaries for West German newspaper reporters range from $200 to $750 a month, but go higher for magazine writers and broadcast journalists.

Despite tremendous gains since the end of World War II, the German press is not without its problems. The total circulation of daily and Sunday papers is twenty-two million, but 3 per cent of the publishing houses—sixteen firms—produce 47 per cent of all papers sold. The lion's share has gone to Axel Springer, whose *Bild-Zeitung* alone has a daily street sale of four million, the largest in Germany. In addition to *Bild*, a racy picture tabloid, Springer's holdings include *Die Welt*, circulation 216,000; the *Hamburger Abendblatt*, 300,000; and the *Berliner Morgenpost*, 230,000. Springer commands 90 per cent of the Sunday market as well.

Such concentration of power has sparked several parliamentary and public debates. The present administration makes no secret of its concern over Springer's monopoly, particularly in view of his opposition to Brandt's *Ostpolitik* moves. In 1969 the monopoly issue reached the Federal Constitutional Court, which declared that "in the Constitution the right to free access to information is equivalent to the freedom of the press."

Also, the German press has not completely shaken off its prewar tendency toward subjectivity and heaviness. By American or British standards, news writing is somewhat opinionated and frequently on the dull side. The same is true of much of the typography and makeup. In this connection, Springer's influence isn't all bad. If nothing else, he has brought to German journalism a verve and boldness that had long been missing. His *Hamburger Abendblatt*, for example, is a lively afternoon daily well-laced with features. And the Springer group's superb mechanical facilities are superior to those of many American newspapers.

The kind of persons and political journalism found within several German dailies and weeklies is partly offset by the straight news accounts broadcast by German radio and television stations and in the objectivity of *Deutsche Presse-Agentur* (DPA, the German Press Agency, to which most of the larger newspapers subscribe) and of the Associated Press and United Press International. The broadcast media are financed by Bonn but are operated as a sort of public utility on a regional basis without supervision by the central government. Much of its news programing is first-rate and not interrupted by commercials, which are presented in a block before the newscast.

Its weaknesses notwithstanding, the German press would achieve a high ranking in any impartial appraisal of performance and impact. Its leading serious newspapers, such as the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*, are among the best in the world, offering a rich blend of news, interpretive writing, and cultural features seldom found in American papers. Above all, the West German newspapers, because of their adversary role, are a vital element in a country that seems determined to maintain a democratic system.

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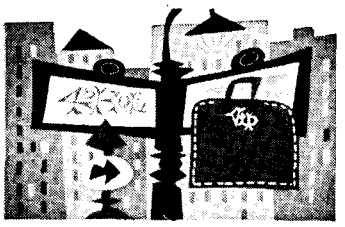
Madison Avenue



The Army to the Rescue

As you plop down in front of your television set to watch a rerun of a tired, sprocketworn war film, there in faded color is the enemy making all kinds of gains, ready to plant the Swastika or the Rising Sun on our nation's glorious Capitol. Then, huzzah, a breathtaking minute or two before the *11 O'Clock Report*, Richard Conte or Brian Donlevy or Dana Andrews and his Army chums swoop in, rescue the cause, and keep Old Glory flying. A sigh of relief from you, Mr. Viewer, and on to the news.

Here, too, you are witness to almost the same format. Only this time it's real life. The South Vietnamese are pinned down. Progress is nil. But in a whirl of dust come U.S. military helicopters to save the day. The flags fly and all's right with Secretary Laird and the world.

Well, America's television viewers may be seeing quite a few scenes like this during the months ahead. After all, the networks owe the government and the Army some show of thanks for the incredible act of mercy they performed in late February; it was more formidable than anything a film-maker could ever hope for. Only this time the battleground was a bit different; it centered in the broadcast industry. Let me spell out the battle plan as I see it.

As 1971 started, the recession had suddenly caught up with the television broadcasters. The cigarette people were forced to evacuate the video tube on January 2; almost $250-million worth of revenue disappeared, up in smoke—and these, the choice buyers of the medium, the people who purchased minutes year-round and willingly paid top dollar to be in properties of their choosing.

Other advertisers, faced with a profit squeeze, either held off appropriating all their monies early in the year or decided they would purchase only if they received a bargain price. And so it went. January's network-TV income fell by more than 12 per cent, and February wasn't responding either. This new breed of buyer, an unsavory enemy to the network moguls, clawed around the market place. They played one group against the other. They drove down prices from approximately $45,000 per minute to $30,000—a 33 1/3 per cent plunge.

Concurrent with this price trend, the networks, believing that their insistence that advertisers buy a minimum of a minute per show was a large part of the problem, allowed an advertiser to buy a thirty-second unit in a single show if so desired, naïvely presuming that this opportunity to spread a product over a number of properties would woo more advertisers to the fold. The plan worked exactly the opposite. Astute agencies and clients had a feel of what message frequency was needed per four-week period; so they merely bought about half as much and pocketed the difference. Now the programs had more clutter opportunities than ever before, but too many were being filled by public service announcements and network promos that delivered zero income.

The tough buyers were rubbing their hands in glee. They envisioned a glorious spring, buying top-rated shows at bottom-dollar prices. But there it was, just like in the films: the Army to the rescue! In late February this military arm, through its agency, N. W. Ayer, decided to mount a large campaign to woo young men to the proposed all-volunteer Army. They were to dole out $3-million over a sixteen-week period in network television alone, and, logically (because they do have a good agency advising them), they demanded only the top shows that reach young men, properties such as *Marcus Welby*, all the movies they could snare, *Gunsmoke, Mod Squad, Mannix,* and *Men from Shiloh.* To secure them, the agency paid good prices (in all, about $40,000 per minute, lower than the "asking" rate, yet higher than the current "bid." But remember these were the best shows). The networks were obviously enchanted over the new buyer in town; he couldn't have come at a better time.

Assuming that there may have been 25 per cent of network time unsold during the spring season (the networks usually were 90 per cent-plus sold at comparable periods), the Ayer purchase picked up the equivalent of about 160 to 170 thirty-second units, or about 15 per cent of that unsold time.

Yet, the story becomes more complicated. The shows purchased were the best of the lot, probably more than 40 per cent of the unsold "top 40" category, properties that networks like to save in order to offer a spot or two with their less-than-enticing vehicles to make a sales package more attractive. With these gone, the bargain hunters lost part of the bargain that they were hunting for. So, they rushed in to buy the best of what was left. As they did, these became the premium properties; up went the price. And as those disappeared, the few remaining became premium as well. Everything was going for around the $40,000-per-minute figure; to the network people, the recession was over—at least for the spring. Thanks to the military.

Network television wasn't the sole benefactor of the Army decision. More than the $3-million was being pumped into network and local spot radio. Local television also garnered over a million dollars. All in all, the broadcast industry did pretty well by the government's entering into the commercial arena for the first time. Yet, it is somewhat ironic that this windfall has come to the TV medium, because it is TV that recently has dared to expose the public relations techniques of the

(*Continued on page* 57)

"My advice is to go back home and tell your father you're sorry."

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WHAT TOMORROW'S FRONT PAGE WILL LOOK LIKE

by JOHN TEBBEL

Periodically, for at least twenty years, we have been assured that tomorrow's newspaper is just around the corner, and it may be so, but measured by the pace of change in other industries, it is proving to be one of the longest transits in technological history. When one reflects, however, that printing technology scarcely advanced between the time of Gutenberg's invention of movable type and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, it is easier to understand why the print medium does not respond more quickly in this era of instant change.

The gap between promise and performance has seldom been so clearly delineated as in a recent exercise by the creative art directors of Foote, Cone & Belding, one of the largest international advertising agencies, which also has a substantial interest in cable television. Like a good ad agency should, Foote, Cone is concerned about reaching the audience of the Seventies, which it sees as largely suburban, better educated, young, white-collar, and with a larger component of women, all liberated. No one who watches advertising these days can doubt that the agencies are trying, some of them desperately, to shape their work toward engaging this new market. What they are beginning to worry about is whether newspapers, in dollar volume the most important medium carrying the message, are making a corresponding effort to change.

It is one of the ironies of this century that the daily newspapers of both the socialist camp and the capitalist stronghold have one thing in common—they have a distressing tendency to look alike, and they change with all the speed of an advancing glacier. Examining a cross section of American newspapers, Daniel E. Kelly, Foote, Cone's senior vice president and creative director, was struck by how little they had altered. The front page of the Knoxville *Journal*, for example, appeared to him almost the same as it had when he carried it as a newsboy, aged twelve.

Kelly assembled some of the agency's art directors, handed each of them a different newspaper, and gave them an assignment. "Pretend," he said, "that a long-lost relative has died and left you the ownership of this particular paper. With your background in graphic design, you'd naturally take a good, hard look at the 'look' of your newly acquired property. How would you change the front page—keeping in mind that you have a profitable enterprise you do not want to destroy."

The result of this mass assault on America's front pages was fascinating. Seventeen leading dailies emerged in new typographical and design dress, some of them provocative and not too far removed from what the most progressive papers are doing, others far out enough to provoke the greatest cries of outrage from old-line publishers since That Other Man was in the White House.

Not surprisingly, the general approach reflects magazine design, and, considering the changing character of the American newspaper, this is no doubt an accurate forecast of things to come. The new pages also define the difference in outlook between art and editorial departments. These art directors were intent on the appearance of the page, and in their use of white space and free-breathing design they materially reduced the quantity of front-page news. To editors who are already hard pressed for space in their papers, any reduction in the news hole is bound to be looked upon with dismay.

In rewriting the headlines to fit the space, moreover, some of the art directors showed a fine disregard for not only the copy editor's skill but also any pretense of objectivity. In redesigning the Terre Haute *Tribune*'s front page, for example, one director changed the banner from "Congress Limps to Close" and made it "Congress Whines Up." On the other hand, the same director used the first three columns on his page to provide an even-handed analysis of the news. One column, surmounted by three American flags, was headed "Right Think"; column two, with one flag, was labeled "Middle Think"; while the third, displaying the peace symbol, was advertised as "Left Think." The paper's four primary banner lines were spread across the top of the page, one below the other and all above the title.

An even more radical departure occurred in, of all places, the front page of the Chicago *Tribune*. Ignoring that paper's built-in character, unchanged for a hundred years, this director not only reduced its title to simply "The Trib," placing it in a middle-of-the-page box, but completely omitted the American flag that flies every day in the left-hand ear of the paper, a virtual trademark. Even worse, he discarded the perennial assurance, running beneath the title, that the *Tribune* is "The World's Greatest Newspaper." Otherwise, the redesigned "Trib" front page bears some resemblance, in its liberal use of pictures, to an old-fashioned tabloid.

In this layout, as in several of the others, the design appears to be influenced, whether consciously or not, by European papers, particularly the wild, free-swinging West German variety and some of the London afternoon and Sunday papers. In the dim American past, this was known as "circus" makeup, which Hearst and Pulitzer introduced toward the close of the nineteenth century. Its apotheosis today is *Bild*, Axel Springer's flamboyant Hamburg giant, with its nearly five million circulation.

Perhaps the most startling of the directors' efforts is the redesigned *New York Times*. Gazing upon it is like seeing your grandmother undressed. Gone is the familiarity of more than a century. In two different versions, the logotype known around the world emerges in a contemporary face, standing alone at the top of the page, minus ears. On the *Times*'s actual front page for January 12, there was room for fourteen stories and an index. In one revision, there are only five stories, with six in a second design. A huge cartoon splits one page for two-thirds of the way from top to bottom. The total effect is clean and readable, but hardly compatible with the *Times*'s unique status as a newspaper of record.

In the opinion of most of those who have seen the exhibit, the most successful of the new designs is probably the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*'s new front

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The Knoxville Journal
At Least 38 Miners Killed In SE Kentucky Explosion
Senate Passes Money Bills
Yablonski Murder Trial Near
THE PLAIN DEALER
House Passes Food Stamp Bill
39 Kentucky Coal Miners Killed in Blast
College Group on Reappraisal Team
House Passes Food Stamp Bill
THE PLAIN DEALER
39 Miners Killed in explosion
College Students on Reappraisal Team

In each case, front page on the left is present make up, page to the right is suggested new layout.

page. While it contains fewer stories than the paper's present cluttered front page—five as against seven—the redesigned makeup is extremely attractive and readable. Much the same could be said for the new Baltimore *Sun* front page (which also has a new title, *Sun/Newsfac*) and the Atlanta *Journal*. Two directors had the same idea: front pages containing nothing but headlines and/or pictures, for the Chicago *Sun-Times* and the Boston *Globe*. Another produced an intriguing front page composed only of pictures and cutlines. A woman designer added a feminine touch to an admirable remake of the Salt Lake City *Tribune*'s front page by planting a tree in the middle of its flush-left title.

Taken together, the experimental pages proved to be provocative, and while no one expects a sweeping overnight revision of front pages, it may help to move newspaper design off the dead center that has broadly characterized it for so long.

Much is happening to educate publishers into remaking their newspapers into products more responsive to their changing audiences—so much, in fact, that last month a weekly newsletter, *Tomorrow's Newspaper*, appeared for the first time. It is designed to brief publishers, editors, and production executives and to keep them abreast of the floodtide of new ideas sweeping over the communications business. Published in Los Angeles, Volume 1, Number 1, reported as its lead story the results of a $100,000 graphic communications study sponsored by MGD Graphic Systems and financed by the Battelle Memorial Institute.

Looking ahead through the next two decades, the study predicts that newspapers, as a mass-produced medium of news and advertising, will continue to exist and to be produced on newsprint, but that every aspect of them will be "significantly altered" and constant innovation will be necessary to preserve advertising and readership from the competition of the electronic media. The use of computers is identified as "the major area of change" in newspapers during the next fifteen years. By the mid-1980s, says the study, direct-input presses will be competing directly with conventional printing, and it goes on:

A woman designer's idea of the logo of the future.

> A totally computerized ink-jet printing system would virtually eliminate the need for the composing room. . . . The editorial, advertising, and photo departments would feed their material directly into the computer, which would then provide the digital instructions to the press. Without plates, the ink-jet system would produce high-quality color reproduction on low-cost papers.

In a front-page editorial in its announcement issue, *Tomorrow's Newspaper* predicts: "Newspapers will change more profoundly in the coming decade than they have in the past century. Publishers, editors, and production managers will be forced to deal with uncommon technologies and a business environment that may be altered almost beyond recognition."

But when one has read carefully through the newsletter's eight pages of comprehensive reporting of what is happening now, as well as what is predicted, the promised land still looks distant. As everyone knows, union opposition has already considerably delayed the advance of technology, and W. D. Rinehart, assistant general manager of the ANPA, speaks cogently when he says, in a statement prepared for *Tomorrow's Newspaper*, that "the single most important problem and challenge for newspapers is to convince the unions that both labor and management have a true opportunity for real growth if unions will not obstruct the use of new technology." There has been very little movement in the direction of solving this problem.

In a summary of recent "installations and innovations," the newsletter confirms reports from four different papers that what is happening right now in newspaper production is offset, not automation. Thus the Sacramento *Union* has set up a new commercial sales department to sell the work of its offset presses to outside customers, the Albion, Michigan, *Evening Recorder* has converted from hot metal to photocomposition and from letterpress to web offset, and so has the weekly *Times-Record* of Aledo, Illinois.

Not even offset, however, is necessarily enough to save some newspapers from their present cost-price squeeze. The giant of publishing, the International Publishing Corporation, of London, largest publisher of newspapers and magazines in the world, has been hard pressed financially. It operates the world's largest web offset newspaper plants, in Glasgow, and the British correspondent of *Tomorrow's Newspaper* reports gloomily: "If . . . IPC can prove that web offset can pay

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on mass-circulation papers, all is well. But if financial returns are poor (and this is quite possible), then the installation may well be a monument to the faded hopes of large-circulation web offset newspapers."

A far more threatening cloud hangs over American publishers. It is a potential catastrophe so overwhelming that not many industry people can bring themselves to believe it will really happen. The H-bomb of communications is the five-year plan of the new United States Postal Service, which has asked the Postal Rate Commission, an independent body, to raise mailing charges by as much as 142 per cent over the next five years. Such an action almost certainly would be challenged in the courts, and the Supreme Court would be asked to rule on its constitutionality as a violation of the First Amendment. Nevertheless, if it were approved, it takes no gift of prophecy to foresee the death of a great many newspapers and magazines as well. It would hardly be the first time that a government has used its power to control prices, taxes, or newsprint to strangle the press, but until now this has occurred only under authoritarian regimes.

The road to the future is strewn with oversize boulders, all of them labeled "money," in one way or another. Newspaper change is still around the corner, but if the obstacles can be overcome, the predictions of the Battelle report will certainly prove to be an accurate forecast, and an entirely new era in newspaper publishing will begin, one in which new front pages will be only a first step for the publishers.

WIT TWISTER #216

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

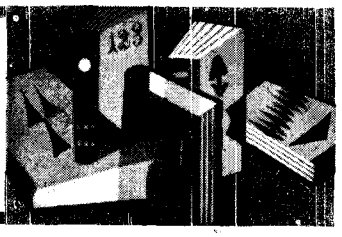
The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The lecturer _ _ _ _ _ _ _,
in anguished thought,
Long after his late _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ is done.
Among the young _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ who bravely fought
And died that week, had been his only son.

—A. S.

(Answer on page 58)

Books in Communications



Writings from Underground

One year ago Kent State galvanized a group of students in Boston, New Haven, and Middletown, Connecticut, into writing collectively a 300-page manual of radical activism—one of the most extraordinary but so far little-known journalistic feats of the year. *The Organizer's Manual* (Bantam. $1.25), anonymously written by "The O. M. Collective," which will be explained in a minute, gathers up and codifies the accumulated experience of activist veterans of campus sit-ins, Vietnam summers, moratoriums, marches, national student strikes, and other actions through last year's Panther May Day in New Haven. While everyone else has been doing generalized architectural renderings, this unquestionably represents the most complete expression available of the student revolutionary spirit and is a working blueprint for a new society.

The manual is immensely detailed and determinedly non-theoretical. Saul Alinsky once said, "Organization doesn't come out of an immaculate conception. It takes a highly trained, politically sophisticated, creative organizer to do the job." Here is the spelling out of techniques from the heightening of one's own political consciousness to teach-ins, the silk-screening of posters and where to stick them up to stay, the three Cs of canvassing (Common sense, Courtesy, and Commitment), the use of telephone trees, production of leaflets and underground newspapers, utilization of Establishment media, and practice of guerrilla theater ("Know in advance where the nearest exits are and prepare a very short script"). In the movement, ideology and politics are bound inseparably into process. Under every italicized subheading the how-to approach is as direct and pragmatic as the first elucidation of principle in the book on small-group organization: get "some warm bodies together."

The first part of the manual is devoted to "Principles," the second to "Constituencies"—defined areas of activist application, such as high schools, universities, ethnic and racial groups, and the military. This last, to which the roughest material in the book is directed, may well provide the litmus paper test of the fully committed radical. In the text that challenges almost every assumption of conventional society, it is the least easily stomached—at least by a middle-aged "straight."

In the week of Kent State, a second-year medical student at Yale conceived the idea of the manual, first as "500 Ways to End the War." He announced the idea at a Wesleyan University rally for the National Students' Strike. Twenty volunteers meeting in the loaned office of a Wesleyan English professor began amassing piles of activist literature. For many people, the manual was the answer to the usual question, "What can I do?" Unheard-of deadlines of twenty-four hours were imposed on groups for the production of sections, and by the end of May, a hundred pages were ready for offset. Work shifted to New Haven, where another writing cell was set up and typing was done by volunteer women in the medical center. By the end of June, 200 pages were ready. Initially aiming for underground publication, the group began canvassing regular publishers, including Bantam, which took a two-week option on a possible fastback. Now production work moved to Boston, and a Boston University Strike Dormitory group, committed to remain on campus for the summer, took hold, and entire new sections were produced, fattening the manual and radicalizing it still more. By the time Bantam decided to go ahead with a regular paperback, more than 100 people had become involved in contributing something. Considering the numerousness of the hands, it is remarkable how smooth and relatively seamless the book seems in its unfussy, utilitarian style. It finally went to press in December and was released recently.

The Organizer's Manual has very specific and unmistakable purposes, and it is not comfortable reading for anyone, neither the committed nor the uncommitted. Quite aside from its functional purpose (and there is something of value here for even the organizer of a garden club tea), its wider significance relates to what expected changes will come in intercommunications and in the forms of society. For the outsider, this is a guide to what to expect, when to step aside, and where resistance is going to be pointless, re-

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gardless of its right or wrong. The book, finally, is not without compassion. "Find out who your parents are," it says in the section on Other Groups. "Show them your love, save them from involutional depression."

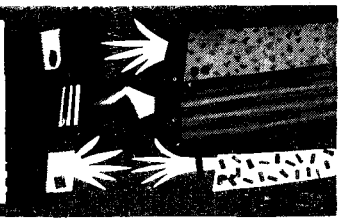
At the end is a sixty-page bibliography that alone is worth Bantam's price and justifies the truly extraordinary drive for comprehensiveness of the O. M. Collective, whoever and wherever they are.

The Critic Criticized: As *SR* television critic for the past twenty years, Robert Lewis Shayon has collected some of his columns and subjected them to a rigorous critical scheme of his own devising in *Open to Criticism* (Beacon, $9.95). It is far more usual, of course, for the critic with so rich and purposeful a body of writing simply to gather the columns together in chronological order and let them bear their own message, perhaps altered in hindsight. But Shayon rejected "the notion of an anthology unredeemed by any thematic organization." In the first part of the book, he expounds a theory of criticism, dipping metaphorically into Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, from which he derives his three-beat breakdown of the critical process. The first beat is exposure and research. The second, letting the idea settle into some didactic embrace. The third, discovery —the finding of some new hidden connection in the data, a sudden illumination. Applying this critical apparatus to his own work, Shayon places himself in double jeopardy, putting on trial both the applicability of his theory of criticism and the ability of his own work to withstand the assault. On both counts, he comes away with flying colors. Perhaps it is a lot to ask of biweekly television columns always to win through to the third, inspired beat, and Shayon discovers his own failures. As for the columns, they read with fresh pertinency, and even dated ones show how close a concerned critic such as Shayon keeps to the chief issues. One wonders if the critical schema does not overburden this kind of TV reviewing. On second thought, Shayon is probably right: Television criticism is so vital a social function that only the highest critical demands should be made, the kind Shayon makes on himself.

Also Noted: *Defamation and Public Officials: The Evolving Law of Libel* by Clifton O. Lawhorne (Southern Illinois, $15), a scholarly, comprehensive study of the libel law, with case histories and analysis of ancient and recent landmark decisions, including the 1964 *New York Times* v. *Sullivan*.

—Stuart W. Little.

Public Relations



On Newsmen Crossing the Street

When the experienced, mature newspaperman crosses the street and joins the public relations department of a major corporation, he frequently finds himself hemmed in, bewildered, and frustrated. The change from a relatively free-wheeling job into a small niche in a carefully structured organization often comes as a shock. His judgment of news is inhibited by the needs of the corporation, and even what he used to think was a simple press release is scanned by his superiors in the department, a company lawyer, and those whose names are mentioned in the release. He is constantly second-guessed from the day he becomes a member of the press relations staff.

Unless the former newspaperman is a resilient individual, he all too often finds himself at cross purposes with management. He discovers he can no longer see the head of the corporate public relations department as easily as he used to when he was on the other side of the street. And as for having contact with the president of the company—that is reserved for the very few, not including those whose job it is to be in contact with media.

One of the lessons the ex-newsman has to learn is that there is a basic difference between his old and new jobs. In the old work his responsibility was to the newspaper. In his new job his principal loyalty is to the corporation. He might not like it, but unless he understands he is now a special advocate, hired to present the best case possible for the corporation, he will remain frustrated. The underlying reason for this unhappiness is a newspaperman's failure to understand the function of the public relations department. His only contact with the corporation's public relations staff is limited to those connected with press relations. As a result, he tends to believe that corporate public relations adds up to one word: publicity. Many working in media know only that the public relations executive is the ingratiating fellow who picks up the lunch tab with one hand and hands over the press release with the other.

Any study of the structure and staff of a major corporation will quickly show that the media contact function is only a small part of a corporate public relations department's job. The many other responsibilities include communicating to management the changes in the climate of public opinion; communicating management's position to stockholders, employees, local communities, all the special groups that are affected by the company's actions and policies, and, of course, the general public. Another public relations function of which most media workers know virtually nothing involves persuading management to make adjustments to changing national moods so that the corporation can operate in the public interest as the public sees that interest. And, above all, newsmen tend to overlook the fact that a corporation's behavior is more important than what it says.

When it is understood that the head of a corporate public relations department also must be thoroughly familiar with his own company, the industry of which it is a part, the workings of government, the motivation of politicians, political trends, and the stirrings in the intellectual community from which often come the warnings of new shifts in public attitudes, it can readily be seen that this demands more than years of newspaper work. Experience in media is helpful to him as is knowledge of administration, opinion polling, and a dozen other areas. That is why some good newsmen often are unable to fit into a corporate setup, except as media contacts. A good newsman does not always, by any means, make a good public relations director in a major corporation.

The fact that management does not

(*Continued on page* 57)

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A TV Year of Social Critique

Readers who may choose to examine the second independent *SR* Television Awards/1971 (see next page) will be at some disadvantage in measuring the winners against programs that finished out of the running. A fairly common research finding suggests that magazine readers generally are not regular, heavy viewers of television. Even such viewers cannot possibly have seen or heard about the vast multitude of programs that flicker on and off the small screen during a single television season (generally September of one year through April of the next year). Some readers, in the television industry or peripheral to it, will bring to their scrutiny of the judges' choices a master dictionary of more numerous candidates. The sophisticates will wonder why several outstanding programs of the past season that attracted favorable critical commentary and more than usual public attention were eliminated in the final selection.

Judges are not obliged to muddy the waters of their discretions or indiscretions with post-mortems; but since *SR*'s Television Awards are made in a somewhat informal, unorthodox, and open fashion, a bit of backroom confession may be of interest. About two notable programs there was some sharp discussion: *Migrant: An NBC White Paper*, on hunger in America, and *Banks and the Poor*, the NET documentary that took a highly critical look at banking practices that allegedly disserve the monetarily underprivileged. The first didn't make it, because the judges finally agreed that, whatever its virtues, it was essentially an updating of similar treatments done in the past by CBS and NET. One judge, a strong advocate of the banking program, ran into determined opposition from his colleagues on the issue of fair balancing of opposing views. *SR*'s judges seek to give their awards to programs about which they share a common enthusiasm. There are no formal, secret votes. The procedure may have its weaknesses, but so do any award procedures.

The general reader will recognize among the selections three programs that have achieved rather universal notoriety: CBS's *The Selling of the Pentagon*; the same network's *All in the Family*; and the BBC Television series presented by NET, *Civilisation*. Less widely known are two series displayed on public television: *The Great American Dream Machine* (NET) and *The Nader Report* (a WGBH, Boston, origination). Single programs shown on the major networks have less chance of being caught or remembered. *SR*'s judges cited four: *The Man from Uncle (Sam)* segment on NBC's magazine, *First Tuesday*; *The Eye of the Storm*, an ABC News report on an intriguing experiment in education in an elementary school in Iowa; and two memorable CBS News documentaries, *Voices from the Russian Underground* and *The World of Charlie Company*. In four cases, awards were given to programs that only reader-viewers in particular local areas might recognize. Florida supplied two (*Polititthon '70* and *The Forbidden Fruit*); Seattle provided a package of programs that merited a special citation for outstanding public service; and an entry from an educational television station in Toronto, Canada, persuaded the judges to cross the national frontier with the first *SR* out-of-the-country award. An MGM Television documentary also won an award in the Single Program category.

The reader, confronted with so wide a spectrum of known and unknown entities among the winners, may simply have to take the judges' word more or less at face value. That word, as was the case in last year's awards, is pronounced by a group of five evaluators: Lawrence Laurent, TV-radio editor, *the Washington Post*; Richard K. Doan, of the New York bureau of *TV Guide*; John F. White, president, the Cooper Union Institute, New York, and former president of NET; Richard L. Tobin, *SR*'s vice president and associate publisher, and communications editor; and myself. In the apologia accompanying the 1970 awards, I questioned whether this particular group did not represent an "Eastern liberal Establishment" viewpoint, cautioning readers to be on guard against such an ideological bias. I was geographically spanked by the other four judges this year, who raised no cries about the words "liberal Establishment" but pointed out that the word "Eastern" was not accurate (White came from Illinois; Doan from Kansas; Tobin from Michigan; and Laurent from Louisiana); the remaining judge, a New Yorker, is therefore the lone Easterner.

Reeves Sound Studios in New York City (with excellent videotape and film playback facilities and ample space for quiet reflection agreeably provided by Robert Fine and Michael Saltz) was once again the scene of the final judging. The first objective of the full day's meeting was the screening for four of the judges of videotapes or films they had not seen before. The primary criteria were the general considerations of importance of content, excellence of presentation, and innovation in subject, style, or technique. Categories are juggled each year to fit the nature of the entries: This year (a bad one for the kids) the category of Children's Programs was eliminated, there being no new distinguished candidates. Superior local programs were distributed among the basic categories: Regular and Limited Series, Single Programs, and Special Citations.

Prior to the final screening for all the judges, Dick Tobin and I eliminated many entries by screening or by evaluation of scripts or descriptive material submitted. Once again we accept the blame for any possible errors in judgment. The number of entries in *SR*'s annual Television Awards continues to grow rapidly, and so do the risks of subjective judgments. Notable in this year's list of winners is the resurgence of the networks, which did very poorly in last year's awards. Also of interest is the extent of disagreement among the judges, even in their final selections. Careful readers will note the effort to register conflicting views in the demurrers and qualifications embedded in the citations for *All in the Family*, *The Great American Dream Machine*, *Civilisation*, and *The Selling of the Pentagon*. There was not a whisper of conflict, though, in the Special Citation given to CBS News for its strong stand against intimidation by powerful critics in and out of government. Finally, the judges recognize that the ubiquitous award syndrome is not free of self-serving elements, and that a tiny selection of micro-excellence from television's annual macro-mystification of the real world does not wash out the pollution of the small screen in any one calendar year. But it is imperative to continue to cultivate the notion that excellence exists and may be ever more widely possible. The 1970-71 television season, we conclude, was at its best when it cultivated dissent, both here and abroad, and the general vigor of social critique.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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SR Television Awards / 1971

REGULAR SERIES

All in the Family **CBS**

For introducing a lusty note of lower-middle-class Rabelaisian reality into the antiseptic mores of situation comedy. Television may never be the same again, after the impact of this innovation in the uninhibited, explicit expression of prejudices by Archie Bunker, lovable American WASP and irascible Chic Sale of the 1970s. Its sociological usefulness in eroding prejudice is open to debate, but its freshness is a fact. Videotape production, live studio audiences, and uncanned laughter, along with very funny writing and amusing performances by the cast, especially by Carroll O'Connor (Archie) and Jean Stapleton (his wife), have helped to make this Norman Lear-Bud Yorkin project a conversation piece among heavy and light television viewers. Not as tough-minded in content or tone as its BBC original (*Till Death Do Us Part*), it is, nevertheless, a welcome and courageous assault upon the small screen's censorship boundaries.

The Great American Dream Machine **NET**

For a demonstration, by public television, of how the magazine format may be distinguished and enlivened by new production techniques and by entertaining social satire and criticism. Generally overlong and often tedious in its unsuccessful experiments, this series, supported by grants from the Corporation of Public Broadcasting and the Ford Foundation, nevertheless reached zestful peaks in its most effective segments. Subjecting both Establishment and non-Establishment elements of American society (merchandising, the AMA, Women's Lib, and movies) to the sharp scrutiny of diverse and pungent viewpoints, the program gave promise that, in its shorter, half-hour 1971-72 version, it will continue to contribute a necessary critical dimension to public broadcasting's spectrum of "Culture."

LIMITED SERIES

Civilisation **BBC Television**

For a handsome, graceful, and visually appealing interpretation of Western Europe's history, mounted in the manner of a classic Grand Tour and guided with elitist style, erudition, and urbanity by Sir Kenneth Clark, the linear world's answer to Marshall McLuhan. This carefully researched and elegantly filmed (in color) cavalcade of architecture and the fine arts successfully walked the thin line between the slickness of a coffee-table art volume and the perspicacious commentary of a philosophical and genial art critic. Didactic yet absorbing, learned yet popular, it represents an attractive addition to the honor roll of BBC imports marked by taste, beauty, and universal appeal.

The Nader Report **WGBH, Boston, Massachusetts**

For responsible, authoritative service to the public in the general areas of consumer education and citizen awareness of hazards and frauds that endanger the health and safety of Americans in an industrialized, profit-oriented society. In eight programs marked by bold investigative reporting and eminently fair and well-documented muckraking, Ralph Nader and his associates alerted viewers to the need for a vibrant, enlightened consumerism in law, advertising, consumer packaging and marketing, pesticides, and auto safety, and to the need for an understanding of the nature of power in a company town. Expertly produced, forthright and clear in content and tone, the series represents the contemporary high-water mark of consumer education in broadcasting. A vital, exemplary achievement.

SINGLE PROGRAMS

The Selling of the Pentagon **CBS News**

For a courageous, terse, and revealing exposé of the dimensions (not generally known to the public) of the Defense Department's use of federal tax monies to promote and perpetuate its own bureaucratic interests, power, and privilege in the nation's military-industrial complex. Though two of *SR*'s five TV awards judges insisted on registering demurrers on the grounds that the program's editing techniques were unfair, all of the judges were unanimous in their agreement that Peter Davis's memorable documentary was superbly effective in its visual and verbal contrasts and in the dramatic simplicity with which it made its points. *The Selling of the Pentagon* demonstrated that the time has not yet come in this country when a single institution is possessed of such great power that no voices in network television will be found to challenge it.

Belonging **Ontario Educational Communications Authority, Toronto, Canada**

For a sensitive, original examination of the contrasting values of members of a Canadian commune and representatives of "established" society. This eighteen-minute, two-inch, black-and-white videotape brought several representative adults to the commune, near Toronto, for a low-keyed, thoughtful discussion, with respect, of their opposed life-styles, manifest on both sides. Unpretentious, reflecting simple dignity in their work and play routines in the snowbound woods, the young people of the commune (no drugs, no rock), with a sense of joy and to a background of Bach on a pump organ, exhibited for viewers the quieter dimension of the generally sensational treatment of the modern commune phenomenon.

The Man from Uncle (Sam) **(fifty-minute segment on *First Tuesday*)** **NBC News**

For an enterprising report by NBC News correspondent Tom Pettit that exposed for the first time to the nation's television viewers the existence and shocking extent of an Army intelligence apparatus complete with secret agents, files, a communications network, and electronic surveillance devices—all designed to gather information about the anti-war and civil rights movements and even about elected public officials. Five former military intelligence agents, presented on the program segment, made allegations that earned national headlines in the press. The admission by an assistant Secretary of Defense, in an interview on the segment, that the Army had engaged in some intelligence-gathering activity "at the request of the Justice Department" heightened a growing public concern over what appeared to be a systematic violation of traditional American freedoms.

Voices from the Russian Underground **CBS News**

For a deeply moving journalistic coup that revealed the nature and extent of dissent by intellectuals against government authoritarianism in the U.S.S.R. Under difficult and dangerous conditions involving personal and professional risk, William Cole, CBS News Moscow bureau chief, filmed interviews with three noted Russian writers (Vladimir Bukovsky, Andre Amalrik, and Pyotr Yakir), in which they risked arrest to tell the American people about Russian repression of dissent. The program's profound impact registered a triumph of content over technique, for Cole was obliged, under conditions of secrecy, to act as his own cameraman and soundman, consequently producing below-standard film. This remarkable human document

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was rendered more poignant by the fact that Cole tried unsuccessfully to dissuade the Russian authors from making their statement. Honorable mention is due the CBS brass for refusing to kill the broadcast after Soviet threats that the incident would endanger future CBS News coverage of the Russian newsfront.

The Eye of the Storm **ABC News**

For a striking report on a simple but powerful experiment in a third-grade, rural classroom in Riceville, Iowa, which ingeniously and impressively delivered a useful homily on racial discrimination. To reach her third-graders with some insights into the ugliness and pain of prejudice, Mrs. Jane Elliott designated her blue-eyed children superior to her brown-eyed students on one day and reversed the stigma on the next. In the space of fifteen minutes, "marvelous, cooperative, wonderful, thoughtful children" turned into "nasty, vicious, discriminating little third-graders," all because of Mrs. Elliott's authoritative manipulation of behavioral norms. An episode that the children are not likely to forget; and one that television viewers will long remember.

The Man Hunters **MGM Television**

For a sixty-minute color documentary, aired on NBC-TV, that combines superior Hollywood film-making techniques with genuine intellectual interest. This imaginative program, written, produced, and directed by Nicholas L. Noxon for MGM's Television Documentary Department, introduces viewers to the scientific motivations that impel anthropologists to explore the mystery of man's prehistoric ancestor Australopithecus in Africa. Narrated by E. G. Marshall and with location shooting of expeditions, the film makes brilliant use of photographs, drawings, and print in a Time Travel Sequence (created by Howard Campbell and Ruth White) that moves backwards from the present to the time of Christ. A fascinating example of television's potential for educational enrichment.

The World of Charlie Company **CBS News**

For a superb Vietnam documentary, which, more than any other, vividly brought to viewers the basic human experience of American combat soldiers in the war in Indochina. Correspondent John Laurence, cameraman Keith Kay, and soundman James Clevenger lived with men of Company C, Second Battalion, Seventh Cavalry, First Air Cavalry Division, for three months in War Zone C, northwest of Saigon; and in May 1970 they moved with Charlie Company into Cambodia—the first American unit to cross the frontier. The program revealed not only the physical hardships of the soldiers but also their mental and emotional states. Viewers were reminded of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic, *The Red Badge of Courage*, when soldiers of Charlie Company refused to go down a jungle path, in defiance of orders. It was a dramatic illustration of how the Vietnam War has changed the relationship between American officers and enlisted men in combat.

SPECIAL CITATIONS

CBS News

For courageous and almost single-handed leadership among the networks in the cause of alert, vigorous, and uncompromising reporting and forthright commentary on public affairs. In probing to uncover vital information, in risking the displeasure and potential sanctions of the administration by disseminating such information, and in refusing to surrender to Congressional scrutiny and review news material not actually broadcast, network executives Frank Stanton and Richard Salant have honored a long-standing CBS tradition of journalistic independence. Memorable in this connection was the unprecedented rebuttal on a *CBS Evening News Broadcast*, by Walter Cronkite and his colleagues, of White House-Pentagon charges that the network had "faked" a report from Vietnam on the brutality in combat of a South Vietnamese army officer. The network, by its exemplary behavior under pressure, continues to defend the First Amendment rights not only of the media but of all citizens.

KING-TV 5 **Seattle, Washington**

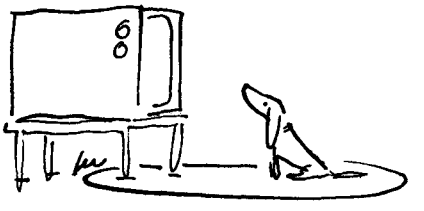
For distinguished additions to its record of local area public service broadcasting that sets a national example for regional stewardship, reflecting a continuing, perhaps unparalleled commitment among local broadcasters, in terms of financial and talent resources. Notable among its 1970-71 productions were *The Eighth Day*, a series of programs on the future quality of life on Puget Sound, supported by a massive organization of citizen discussion-action groups; *The First Hurrah*, an analysis of the potential dangers to the democratic system of police entry into politics; *Abortion: Time for Change?* an exploration, beyond the obvious emotional confrontation, of the campaign for abortion reform; and *My Child, Your Child*, a searching exploration of the problem of desegregating Seattle schools by mandatory busing.

Polititon '70 **WPBT, Public Television, Miami, Florida**

For demonstrating public television's unique opportunities for pre-election presentation of candidates and issues at extraordinarily low cost. This community television station mounted the first television broadcast in the United States (four-and-a-half hours prime time, live, with open-ended interconnect of seven public television stations, two public radio stations, and twelve commercial radio stations) in which all candidates for statewide public office were presented and quizzed by individual citizens and by spokesmen for eighteen prestigious statewide organizations. With veteran newsman John Daly as host and moderator, the ballot was thus "brought to life" six days prior to the November election at a total expenditure by the state of Florida and WPBT of less than $50,000, an estimated cost per minute per viewer-voter of less than six one-hundredths of 1 cent. Candidates, of course, got their time free. Statewide enthusiastic response from candidates and voters, losers as well as winners, suggests that some of the problems of political broadcasting can be met by similar exploits of expert planning, control for fairness, and showmanship.

The Forbidden Fruit **WCKT, Miami, Florida**

For a controversial, sixty-minute color documentary dealing with an attempt to legalize casino gambling in Miami Beach. WCKT Television News took a clear position opposing any legalization and built much of its case on its analysis of gambling's negative contributions to Las Vegas. A Miami Beach straw vote after the broadcast defeated the gambling proposal, and state and local officials favorably credited the program with influencing the vote. Fairness Doctrine complaints to the FCC brought a verbal spanking by the commission (no further action) for allowing pro-gambling proponents only seven minutes as opposed to forty-seven minutes for the opposition. Unable to judge the merits of the debate, *SR*'s judges gambled with fairness and cite the program for its obvious journalistic vitality, for the station's enterprise in sending a crew to Las Vegas, and for editorial leadership on a vital community issue.



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Public Relations

Continued from page 53

depend on experience in media when choosing public relations directors can be seen from a study of some top corporations in the country as compiled by *Fortune* magazine. Gordon L. Hough, public relations head of American Telephone and Telegraph, the largest public utility, has no media experience. Henry E. Arnsdorf at Prudential Life Insurance, the largest in the field, has no media experience. Neither has William F. McCurdy at Sears, Roebuck, the largest retailer. James F. Langton of the Bank of America, the largest in banking, has no experience in media. William A. Lashley of the troubled Penn Central, the biggest transportation company, has a little more than two years' experience with small dailies.

What of the ten largest industrial companies on *Fortune*'s list? At General Motors, Anthony G. De Lorenzo has had fourteen years in media. Charles O. Peyton at Standard Oil (New Jersey) is a mechanical engineer with no media experience. Theodore H. Mecke, Jr., at Ford spent four years on a small suburban weekly. General Electric's Douglas S. Moore is a lawyer with no media experience, and Chrysler's John Ford has had no media experience. International Business Machines' Richard M. Wright had some two years' experience on a business magazine; Mobil Oil's Herbert Schmertz is a lawyer with no media experience; and Texaco's Kerryn King has no media experience either. E. J. Gerrity, Jr., of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation has ten years' experience on a small daily, while Gulf Oil's Paul W. Sheldon is without media experience. It is obvious, then, that management in the largest corporations believes that other qualifications than media experience are necessary to head public relations in modern, large companies.

It is worth remembering that the troubles companies are having today are not due to a lack of publicity. They are the result of a rapidly changing society. Pleasant, comfortable news stories do not end student unrest, urban blight, black unrest, pollution, and deterioration of national morality. Column inches in newspapers do not lead to public acceptance of big business. Corporate performance is what counts most. And the old newspaper hand who joins a corporate public relations department thinking that press relations is the whole answer is bound to be disillusioned and to yearn for a trip back across the street. —L. L. L. GOLDEN.

"You pay taxes, Daddy! Tell the man to make him come out!"

Madison Avenue

Continued from page 49

military through the scathing CBS documentary *The Selling of the Pentagon* and even more recently an inquiry into the Gulf of Tonkin mishap and all its ramifications. Joining these specials is the continuing daily news coverage of Indochina. One has to recognize that this is the first war that has been covered "in person" on a daily basis through television. Now the military wants to sell its story on the very same tube. Ironic, to say the least.

The TV package itself is a most powerful one and, with the other media piling on top, represents a formidable bombardment of sales announcements. The Army is purchasing the equivalent of four-and-a-half minutes per week in prime network properties. In other words, that more than 50 per cent of the young men being wooed (the seventeen-to-twenty-four-year-olds) will see a recruiting commercial about five times during each four-week period. Over the sixteen-week span of the campaign, better than 80 per cent of those young male adults will view twelve individual Army messages. Add radio plus the local TV effort and you have a pretty sizable barrage on the young, hopefully impressionable male mind.

Despite the seeming costliness, the use of mass media to sell an idea such as this is still a lot cheaper than to do it on a direct-mail basis or to attempt it through person-to-person recruiting, which wouldn't work at all.

There are, however, two prime questions that have to be answered before this saga of the Army's rescuing the networks can be put to bed. First, regardless of the mass medium's ability to "reach" the prospective volunteer, and fast, can a TV message truly convince him to march over to the recruiting station or call up on the phone? The message has to be mighty compelling to sway a young man in that direction. Particularly when the news that follows or precedes the announcement vividly shows the horror of war and the dangers of Army service. Only time will tell.

And if it is successful, what happens next? Do the Navy and the Air Force and even the WAC follow suit? Already there are rumblings along those lines. Is it possible that we may end up with the government's being one of broadcasting's biggest advertisers? Put those services all together and you could have Washington plunking down $50-million a year to sell the military and perhaps other government agencies.

It's something to think about. And maybe worry about, too.

—HERBERT MANELOVEG.

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Kyoto

Continued from page 39

the Kyo-yaki style, which a conquering lord brought back to Kyoto from Korea eight hundred years ago. Dobuchi was away, but his wife showed us through the workshop, where young artisans—and one very old one—were molding clumps of wet clay spinning on wheels before them, applying every last detail by hand. Dobuchi has made a practice of hiring the handicapped and malformed: One of the potters was a midget, and one of the artists applying painted designs to a fired bowl was an adult man with the face and body of a child.

In the showroom we drank the fine expensive *gyokuro* tea that is grown on beautifully sculpted deep-green bushes along the road between Kyoto and another old imperial capital, Nara. First Mrs. Dobuchi placed the leaves in a covered cup, added hot water, allowed the tea to steep and cool slightly, and then poured it into tiny delicate cups. We drank one cupful after another and ate salty little seaweed balls called *nato* while I was up and down picking through the display shelves and finally selecting several squat yet graceful vases and four matched, covered pots. "You should not buy four of anything," came a warning. "It is not good luck in Japan. Three or five is better." I didn't argue.

Early one morning I arose, ate breakfast, and was on the street before 7:30 with the intent of beating the crowds and simply trailing my fancy. I walked beneath a huge *torii* gate to the bright red Heian Shrine, which was built in 1895 to mark the first 1,100 years of Kyoto. Its vast gravel courtyard and soaring buildings were laid out to resemble Kyoto's first imperial palace. Obviously one of the city's most popular shrines, it was already thronged at that hour with classes of high school students who were standing for group photographs. I moved on but not before receiving an ambush of young girl smiles.

Down the street, past a gravel field where two baseball games were already under way, past a corner grocery with unwrapped French-like breads bristling from a basket, I entered a quiet residential neighborhood through a high wooden gate. Mounting a twisting road lined with traditional Japanese homes of brown wood frame and gray tile roof, I looked up suddenly to see a huge, ornate gateway looming above a green hillside. On the crest of the hill I found the towering gate unattended except for pigeons cooing and gurgling in the rafters. Sparrows twittered in the tops of 100-foot pines that barely reached to the gate top. A priest came by clacking a bowl and its cover to call the birds and then scattered crumbs on the piny ground. A boy passed, walking his dog.

I climbed a long bank of concrete steps to the temple and stopped before a bronze Buddha, alone in the morning calm, one hand raised, the other opened with palm up. In his lap lay favors of candy, cookies, and money. I stayed a while just looking into his faintly smiling face. I think it was there I fell for Kyoto.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 52: remains, seminar, Marines.

"It's sad for those of us who detest and oppose this war, but it is legal. It's just immoral."

Who said that on the CBS Radio Network?
See Page 13

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 33

to the single purpose. As it was, by utilizing a roster of excellent soloists, including Judith Raskin for the music of Héro, Josephine Veasey as Béatrice, Gwendolyn Killebrew for Ursule, and Jerry Jennings in the role of Bénédict, Boulez contrived rewarding entertainment for those to whom the music might have been off-putting as well as an absorbing experience for the connoisseurs.

Among the participants, the most commanding impression was made by Miss Veasey. Hers is not the suavest kind of soprano sound (a category, for example, for which Miss Raskin has eminent credentials), but it is employed with immense conviction and the kind of commitment to the composer's purpose that distinguishes her participation in the recording of *Les Troyens* (as Dido). Miss Killebrew applied her unusual sonority to excellent results, and the young tenor of Jennings showed much to encourage hopes for his future.

Present circumstances do not permit extended comment on the Berlioz of this score, or on the special cant of the Boulez-Berlioz axis. Sufficient for the moment is the mention of the conductor's response to the arch and weight of the composer's melodic line and, even more, the expert way in which he narrowed the normally broad Philharmonic sound to provide clear space for the text. The second half, also devoted to French artistry in an unconventional context, offered Messiaen's *Oiseaux exotiques* with Paul Jacobs as pianist, the *Ionisation* of Varèse, and Ravel's *Le Tombeau de Couperin.*

For those interested in the deeper recesses of the musical past, Newell Jenkins performed a typical service with a Pasquini-Scarlatti program at the final evening of this season's Clarion Concert series in Tully Hall. Fortunately, for those with at least as much interest in the here and now as in the there and then, he also provided the overdue reappearance in New York of Graziella Sciutti. This Italian soprano's performance of Susanna in the Rome Opera's version of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* in the 1968 Lincoln Center Festival would hardly have prepared one for the range and variety of artistry she demonstrated in this old music written for the court of Cardinal Ottoboni.

Long practiced in the wiles of the

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1 Je (*Portrait of a Lady*), 2Dg, 3If (*Gone with the Wind*), 4Eh (*Coriolanus*), 5Hj, 6Ci, 7Ad (*Doll's House*), 8Fb, 9Ba, 10 Gc (*Pride and Prejudice*).

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ingénue and the soubrette, Miss Sciutti has matured into an intepreter of such demanding music as Pasquini's *Sovra una accesa pira* and Alessandro Scarlatti's *Il Primo Omicidio* without loss of youthfulness in either sound or appearance. The music Pasquini invented for his treatment of the suicide of Dido has dignity and formal discipline to commend it, both in a rather archaic style that Miss Sciutti could not energize.

Not only her results but those achieved by Jenkins generally were measurably more interesting in the Scarlatti, essentially for the reason that it is a much more compelling, expressive work. Only barely less a novelty than the Pasquini (which was identified as a first American performance), the senior Scarlatti's evocation of the murder by Cain of Abel has the fervor and dramatic impact to be anticipated from the composer of a great *Stabat Mater*. It also has a spell-casting eloquence, typified by the G-minor aria of Part I, to which Miss Sciutti, as Eve, imparted a thoroughly fulfilling expression. Other major roles were well performed by Ara Berberian as the Voice of Lucifer urging Cain to his violent deed, Elaine Bonazzi as the Voice of God, and Michael Best as Adam. Molly Stark was Abel, with Bernadette Greevy as Cain.

Editorial

Continued from page 18

sues in a serious way, but we try to make a distinction between being serious and being solemn. In the catalogue of human assets, few things provide people with greater strength than the love of life, of which the ability to laugh is a prime manifestation. Persons who survived the horrors of the concentration camps tell us they did so largely because they never lost their ability to hope and to laugh, the two being intimately related. Perspective and proportion are products of laughter.

We see nothing inconsistent in publishing articles about grave world problems while interspersing them with humorous cartoons. And the editor readily acknowledges that the choice of cartoons is the one task he keeps to himself—not because he considers himself a better judge of humor than other members of the staff but because he relishes this part of the job.

As for the editor's golfing friends who threaten to have him barred from every course in the nation: Please don't. He suffers enough every time he plays. Penance waits on every tee. There is kinship in suffering. We need each other. —N. C.

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(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

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VILLA RENTALS. Choice equipped, staffed homes for your holiday: Europe, Caribbean, Tunisia, Mexico. For particulars: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th, Suite 1901, NYC, 10022. 212-HA 1-9165.

CHARMING, PRIVATE—Large Victorian partially furnished. Studio, carriage house, 3 acres. Lease. $425 per month, plus utilities. Helen Z. Battistoni, Realtor, ACC, 23 Market Street, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 914-876-7091 and 914-876-4212.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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SUMMER RENTAL-COLORADO—Completely furnished deluxe cabin, silverware, linens, etc. 8,750 feet high, 22 miles north of Durango in heart of San Juan National Forest. Fishing, riding close by. Sleeps 5, 2 full sized baths, fireplace, all utilities. Write for details. Specify time wanted. By week or month. Write Jack M. Doyle Advertising, Inc., 305 West Broadway, Louisville, Kentucky 40202. Phone 502-583-3816.

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For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

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(Continued on page 64)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 63)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1935

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Characteristic disposition or temperament	28 32 46 49 77 85
B. Influence; effect	102 108 123 143 60 66
C. Well-informed; discerning	82 88 117 130 139 151 168 178 183 204 208
	3 12
D. Two wds. after *The*: O'Neill drama	16 52 146 161 192 194 202 34 54 65 68
	119
E. Table of the 18th cen. having a marble top and wells sunk into it for cooling plants or bottles	142 147 53 75 80 112 125 164 4 24 37
	56 29 84
F. Without concealment	155 215 2 18 44 69
G. Hayseeds	78 135 5 21 81 154
H. Intricate, difficult	20 30 35 93 100 150
I. In a state of anger; hostile (3 wds.)	174 177 218 26 42 62 71 110 11 17 105
	121
J. Command or directive	127 141 172 191 197 212
K. In a pretentious or arrogant mood (4 wds.)	8 39 138 144 165 180 182 59 114 187 198
	207 217 7 22
L. Community in Brooklyn once known for horse and auto races (2 wds.)	43 50 61 76 14 167 213 27 38 140 186
	216 33
M. Instructs	203 90 176 118 211

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Feel indignant displeasure at	111 122 48 87 92 126
O. "Love meet they who do not shove/Cravings —— of love." (3 wds.; Meredith, "Woods of Westermain")	162 200 129 137 169 195 74 99
P. Important portion or division of anything; local unit of a society	70 94 98 23 149 196 41
Q. Composite; formed of heterogeneous elements	106 158 136 166 159 190
R. Legitimate; not forbidden	45 101 157 185 89 109 36 15 95
S. Withdrew, canceled	148 209 86 188 103 115 153
T. Vermeer's birthplace, noted for ceramics	206 131 189 57 171
U. Rodgers and Hart tune from "Babes in Arms" (3 wds.)	134 199 1 133 72 210 13 152 214 160 83
	120 6
V. Am. socialist leader (1855-1926)	10 128 73 173
W. Prepared for immediate aiming and firing (3 wds.)	179 181 25 63 91 55 104 113 145 219
X. Opening shot of a one-two, normally	9 47 58 163
Y. Fair, impartial (comp.)	51 116 107 205 67 124 156 19 64 40
Z. Sidney Howard drama (2 wds.)	96 132 175 193 201 79 184 170 97 31

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 U	2 F		3 C	4 E	5 G	6 U	7 K		8 K	9 X	10 V		11 I	12 C	13 U	14 L	15 R
16 D		17 I	18 F	19 Y		20 H	21 G	22 K	23 P	24 E		25 W	26 I	27 L	28 A		29 E
30 H		31 Z	32 A	33 L		34 D	35 H	36 R	37 E		38 L	39 K	40 Y		41 P	42 I	43 L
44 F	45 R	46 A	47 X	48 N		49 A	50 L	51 Y	52 D		53 E	54 D	55 W		56 E	57 T	58 X
59 K	60 B	61 L		62 I	63 W	64 Y	65 D		66 B	67 Y	68 D	69 F		70 P	71 I	72 U	
73 V	74 O	75 E	76 L	77 A	78 G		79 Z	80 E	81 G	82 C		83 U	84 E		85 A	86 S	87 N
88 C		89 R	90 M	91 W	92 N		93 H	94 P	95 R	96 Z		97 Z	98 P	99 O	100 H		101 R
102 B	103 S	104 W		105 I	106 Q	107 Y		108 B	109 R	110 I	111 N	112 E	113 W	114 K	115 S		116 Y
117 C	118 M	119 D		120 U	121 I	122 N		123 B	124 Y	125 E	126 N		127 J	128 V	129 O	130 C	131 T
132 Z	133 U		134 U	135 G	136 Q	137 O	138 K	139 C	140 L	141 J	142 E		143 B	144 K	145 W		146 D
147 E	148 S	149 P	150 H		151 C	152 U	153 S	154 G		155 F	156 Y	157 R	158 Q		159 Q	160 U	
161 D	162 O	163 X	164 E	165 K	166 Q	167 L		168 C	169 O	170 Z	171 T	172 J		173 V	174 I		175 Z
176 M	177 I	178 C		179 W	180 K		181 W	182 K	183 C		184 Z	185 R	186 L	187 K	188 S	189 T	190 Q
191 J	192 D		193 Z	194 D	195 O	196 P	197 J		198 K	199 U	200 O	201 Z	202 D	203 M		204 C	205 Y
206 T		207 K	208 C	209 S	210 U	211 M		212 J	213 L	214 U		215 F	216 L	217 K	218 I	219 W	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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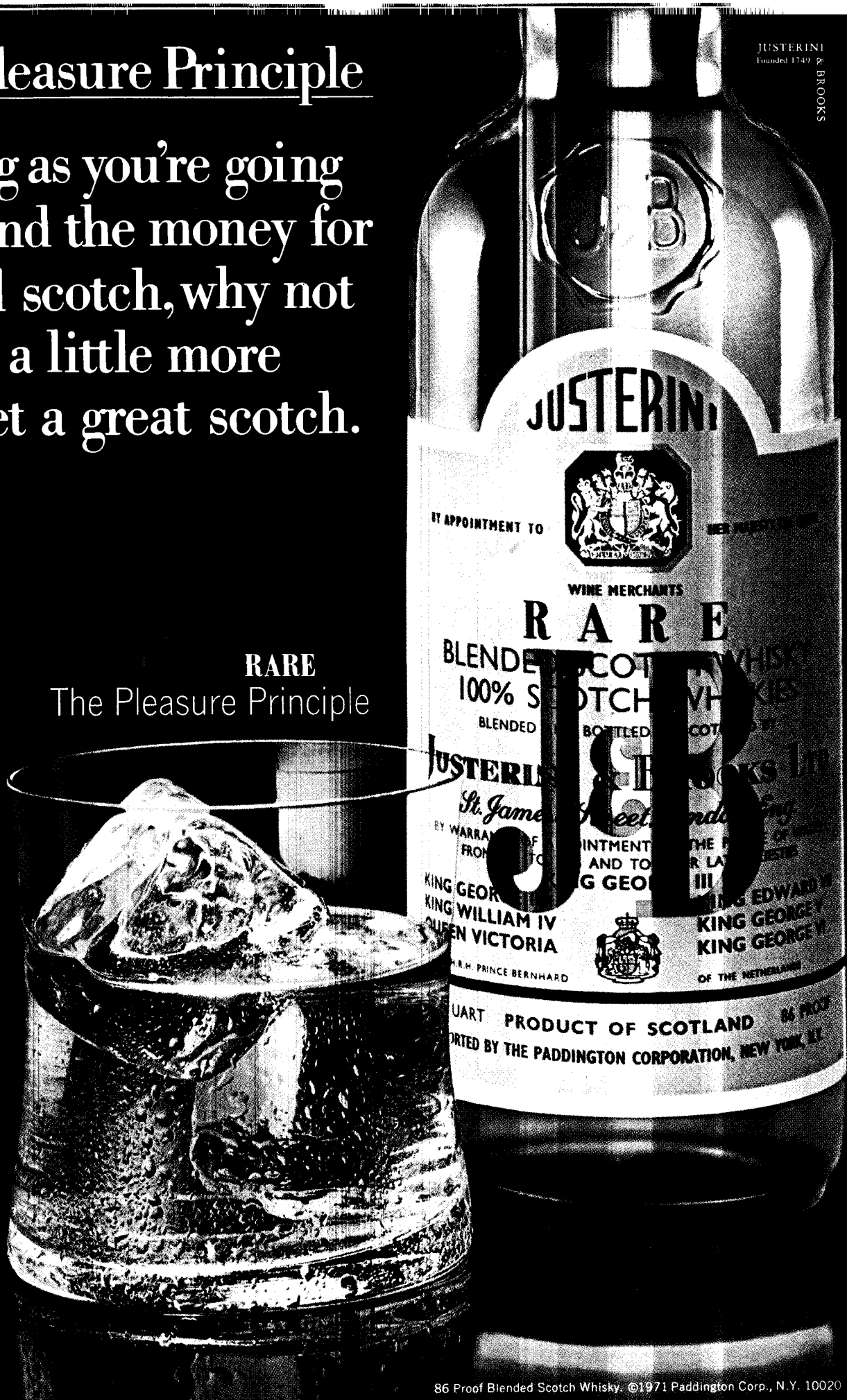
The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.



RARE
The Pleasure Principle

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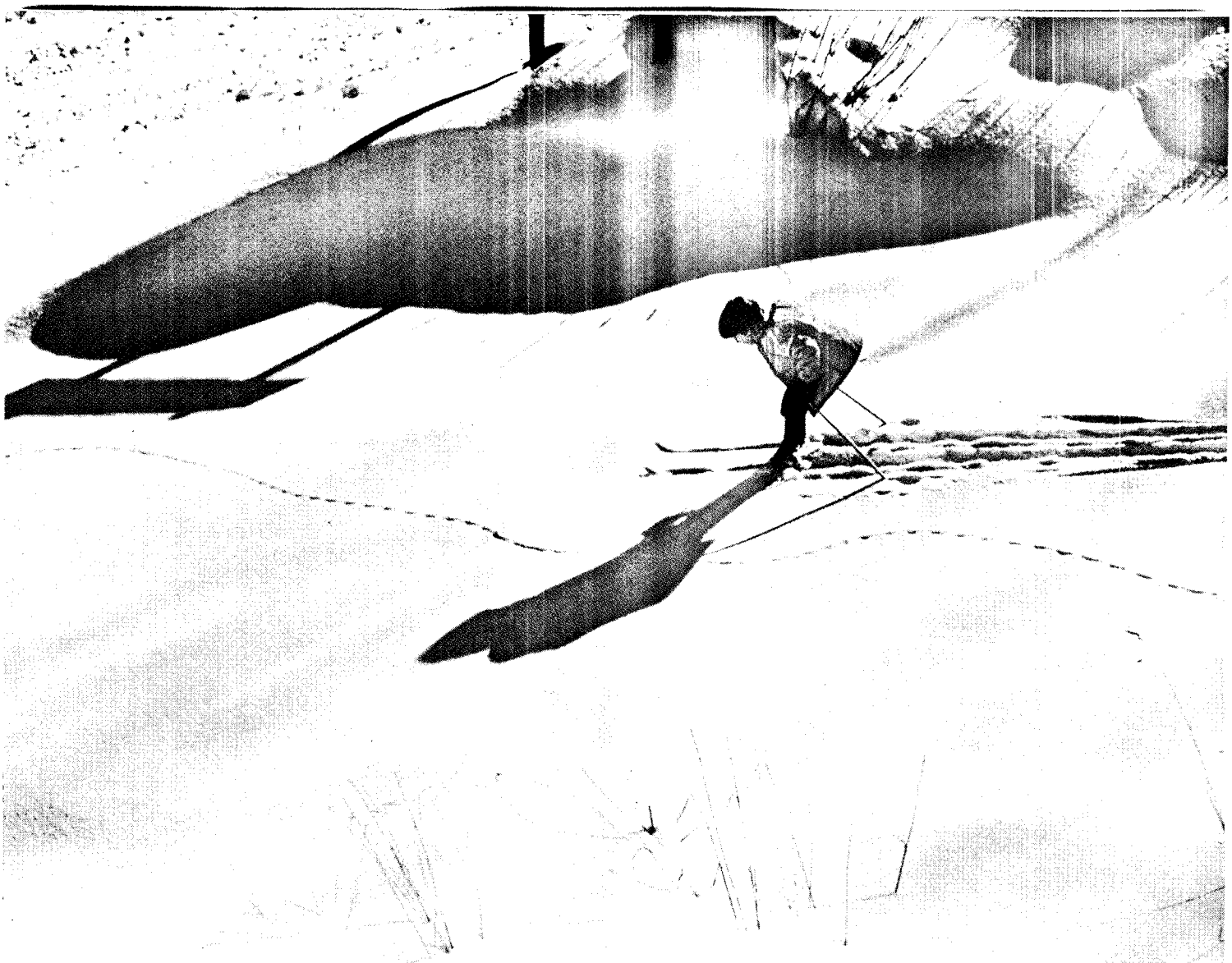

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